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LITERATURE.

The Commedia and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri. By E. H. Plumptre, Dean of Wells. (Isbister.)

THIS handsome volume is the first instalment of the great work on which Dean Plumptre is understood to have been for many years engaged, and which will comprise, when completed, a translation of the whole of the *Commedia*, and also the *Canzoniere*, with illustrative notes throughout; besides a life of the poet, and a series of essays or monographs on subjects of the highest interest and importance connected with his works. The present volume contains the life and the translation of the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*. It will be convenient to describe it under three heads—the life, the translation, the notes.

The life is one of very great value; indeed, one of the best that has yet been published in our own or any other language. It is written in a very vivid and attractive style, which secures our attentive interest throughout. It displays the most minute acquaintance, not only with all the various works of Dante, but with numerous historians and critics who throw light on the subject. It is quite clear that we have here the solid results of the devoted study of many years. The desire to give life and reality to the narrative has sometimes, however, betrayed the writer into the use of rather jarring modernisms, which are not always in the best taste, as when in p. xlix. he speaks of "the *Serventese* of the *Vita Nuova*, c. vi., being a poem on the sixty chief among the *belles* of Florence," and showing that its author lived in "the upper circles of its society"; and in p. li. (note), of Beatrice and her millionaire husband being among the leaders of society. A much better application of this practice is where the *De Monarchia* is described as a "political manifesto," or a "Tract for the Times," having a very intimate and intentional relation to the practical politics of a definite period of Dante's life. The writer's very minute knowledge of his subject has furnished a mind cast perhaps in the poetical rather than in the critical mould, with materials which afford often very ingenious, but also sometimes very slender, support to the superstructure of theory or speculation that has been built upon them.

For instance, the Dean not only returns manfully to the charge in defence of his favourite belief that Dante visited England and Oxford (for which one must admit, though with sincere regret, that the evidence is most slender, and not only slender, but very suspicious in its date and origin); not

only so, but he is now emboldened to suggest that he may have even worshipped within the walls of Wells Cathedral! On p. lvii. (note) we read:

"When Dante was in England he may have been attracted by the fame of Peter Lightfoot, the maker of the clock [since Dante draws a comparison from the works of a clock in *Par.* xxiv. 13!] to visit Glastonbury [the Isle of Avalon]," &c.

One cannot but suspect that this, and some other hypotheses which we find here maintained, illustrate the *dictum* of Aristotle *βούλεται ἐκαστος καὶ οἷόντα*, or as Dante himself puts it:

"E poi l'affetto lo intelletto lega."

(*Par.* xiii. 120.)

The following are some instances of the ingenuity with which the Dean avails himself of all kinds of slight allusions, as "side-lights" in the pictures of fact or theory which he so skilfully paints for us. Many points and passages are brought together as illustrating the tradition of Dante having been himself associated with the Franciscan order (p. lv., &c.). The mention of Dante's membership of the Guild of Apothecaries (*Speziali e Medici*) leads to a very full and interesting collection of passages in his works betraying an interest in subjects connected with such a profession (p. lxii.). The points of contact between Giotto's frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua and allusions in the *Commedia* are traced out as bearing on the probable time and purpose of Dante's visit to that city (p. lxxiv.). Several times the probable course of his journeys is traced by the ingenious citation of allusions or local descriptions in his works. Sometimes, however, the merely probable character of such inferences is not sufficiently recognised; for it cannot, of course, be assumed (nor do we accuse the Dean of consciously assuming) that whenever Dante mentions a place he must have been there himself, though, no doubt, in very many cases the nature of his language is such as fairly to justify the inference; e.g., in p. xcvi., "Whenever Dante was at Cologne," is taken (like the words, "When Dante visited England," already cited) as the foundation for a considerable superstructure of hypothesis. This visit to Cologne is assumed on the strength of the allusion to the monks' hoods in *Inf.* xxiii. 63; but (1) the reading *Cologna* is extremely doubtful; and (2) the historic or traditional tale quoted in the Dean's note on that passage, though it may support the reading, weakens the argument for a personal visit being required to account for the allusion. Similarly, the allusion to the heart of Prince Henry at Westminster (*Inf.* xii. 120) does not necessarily imply a visit to England, as this fact would probably be well known at Viterbo itself. So, again, we read in p. xcvi. (note) that "the reference to the beaver (*Inf.* xvii. 21) indicates either the Moselle or the Rhine." But could not Dante learn from natural history books, or "from what had been reported by travellers" (as suggested in note on *Inf.* xxxii. 26-7), enough to furnish him with the similitude without having himself "assisted" at a beaver hunt in Germany?

Many very interesting and, I think, really valuable speculations will be found developed

with no less ingenuity; as, for example, the highly suggestive and skilfully elaborated theory of the "conversion crisis" of Dante's life at Easter-tide, 1300. This, at least, explains satisfactorily that date being so repeatedly and emphatically assigned as that of the vision in the *Divina Commedia* (as Dr. Plumptre says) "with a precision of which the only natural explanation is that it represents a fact" (see pp. lxiv.-lxvii.). It will not be forgotten, of course, that in *Purg.* xxx. 130-8 this vision is distinctly connected in fact with some such turning-point of his life. Nor must we omit to notice how well the Dean works out his theory that Dante, as an exile (and, therefore, almost necessarily a conspirator), was the master mind to whose diplomacy many of the most important political events of the period were due, and that in a degree far beyond what has been generally acknowledged or suspected. He considers him to have been in constant and close conjunction with another outwardly more leading figure—the Cardinal Niccolò da Prato. Among these events are signalised the election of Clement V.* (in whom, if this be the case, Dante was soon cruelly disappointed; and, as the Dean points out in the similar case of the King Frederic II.,† the bitterness of the disappointment may have been intensified by previous hope); and, still more, the election of the Emperor Henry VII. (pp. xvi.-vii., cxiii.), with whom afterwards Dante was in constant communication and, perhaps, not unfrequent personal intercourse (p. cxiii., &c.). Also we find Dante actively, but unsuccessfully, intervening in the papal election, which finally resulted in the choice of John XXII., the hated "Caorsino" of *Par.* xxvii. 58. We may add to these the ingenious inference drawn on pp. lxxiv.-v. from *Purg.* xxxii. 155, as to an earlier period in the poet's career.

Space compels a very brief reference to other striking features of this valuable introduction. There is an excellent statement of the connexion between *fact* and *allegory* in the mind of Dante, especially as applied to the case of Beatrice (see p. lii., &c.). Since modern writers are still found who insist that the Beatrice of the *Commedia* is a mere abstraction, the emphatic assertion of the contrary continues to be necessary. That it should be so displays the incapacity of certain modern minds to enter into the mind of Dante—and doubtless many others of his age—in which fact and allegory might be almost described as *λόγῳ δὴν ἀχωρίστα πεφυκότα*, or as "useless each without the other." It is impossible that anyone could have expressed himself more clearly, or guarded himself more carefully, than Dante has done on this subject in *Conv.* ii., 1. To quote only one sentence—"Sempre lo litterale [senso] dee andare innanzi, . . . senza lo quale sarebbe impossibile e irrazionale intendere agli altri, e massimamente all'*allegorico*." Very interesting also is the account of Dante's friendship with the Rabbi Immanuel ben Salomo of Rome

* It should be remembered that Clement at first, at any rate, promoted the election of Dante's hero, the Emperor Henry VII., and for some time supported him (see Plumptre, pp. xciv., cv., cxii.).

† He had also made a "gran rifiuto"; and the dedication of the *Paradiso* destined for him in *petto*, if the tradition be true, was transferred to Can Grande (see pp. cxvi., cxxi.).

(p. lxxv.), and of the points of similarity to be found between his vision of Tophet and Eden, and the *Commedia* of Dante.

We turn with more mingled satisfaction to the translation. Perhaps a rooted conviction of the impossibility of the task under the conditions imposed (*viz.*, the approximate reproduction of the *terza rima*), may bias one's judgment. But, whether this be so or not, it surely does not follow that any given metre in one language is necessarily best represented by the same metre, or even a very near approach to it, in another. The genius of two languages may be very different—of which a passing admission is found in the Pref., p. ix.—and I would even say so different that to produce a similar effect *different* means must be employed. No one would seriously argue, for instance, that the best English translations of Homer or Ovid must necessarily be in hexameters or elegiacs. Till recently one might have been more bold to add, as a further illustration, that no scholar would maintain that any given word or tense or idiom must always be represented by the same word or tense or idiom in translation. While, therefore, we gladly admit that the Dean, having elected to dance in chains, has succeeded in doing so most skilfully, we cannot but think with regret how much more successful would have been the result if he had not thus, as we should say needlessly, hampered himself.

The exigencies of rhyme, combined with the necessity of an almost line equivalent to line translation, make it impossible to reproduce the almost stern simplicity and severe terseness which is the prevailing, and in some sense and degree almost unique, characteristic of Dante's style. So that occasional, and not infrequent, "padding" is almost unavoidable; and whenever this is found, the result is, if I may borrow, with slight modification, a comparison of the Dean's (Preface, p. x.), "like drinking diluted champagne." In this translation, with all its merits, we find on almost every page epithets or ideas introduced which, even if appropriate in themselves, are not represented by anything in the original. Here are some illustrations, all within a few lines, in *Inf.*, Canto v.—

"Mentre ch'è il vento, come fa, si tace: (l. 96)
While, as it chanceth now, the wild winds cease."

(Does not the plural, as well as the epithet, rather disguise the probable reminiscence of *Virg. Georg.*, iv. 484?)—

"Dirò come colui che piange e dice: (l. 126)
I'll tell as one who speaks while tears flow fast."

Again, in l. 132, &c.:

"Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse,
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse:
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante."

"But one short moment (?) doomed us to our lot
(*vinse*?)

When as we read how smile long sought for
flushed

Fair face at kiss of lover so renowned (*cotanto*?)
He kissed me on my lips as impulse rushed
All trembling: now with me for aye is bound
Writer and book were Gallehault to our will:
No time for reading more that day we found."

And then again in the celebrated concluding line of the canto:

"E caddi, come corpo morto cade
And fell, as falls a dead man, heavily."

Again, in *Inf.* iv. 88, the blunt simplicity of

"L'altro è Orazio satiro, che viene"

is expanded to

"Horace comes next, for biting satire known."

See also *Inf.* xxvi. 42:

"Ed ogni fiamma un peccatore invola
Yet each enwrapped a sinner and his shame."

Or, again, *Inf.* iii. 114:

"Rende (?) alla terra tutte le sue spoglie
Yields to the earth its spoils funereal."

It is with great regret we point out these blemishes in a work of so much labour and merit; but, while admitting them to be almost inevitable under the conditions imposed, they none the less mar the truthfulness of the representation of the original, and tend to produce paraphrase rather than translation—a tendency perhaps more injurious to Dante than to almost any other author. It is curious to note, as indicating a kind of personal equation in the direction of expansion, that the celebrated epitaph, beginning *Jura Monarchie*, consisting of six lines in the original, is translated into twelve lines of English (p. cxxvii.). By the way, there is surely no authority for the order of words, "Dantes theologus" instead of "Theologus Dantes" in the epitaph of Joannes de Virgilio. It is so printed on p. lvi, though not on p. cxxvii. In *Purg.* i. 116, *ora* is translated "mist." It is, as the note states, no doubt from *aura*, and not *hora*.* But, can the translation "mist" (which no doubt suits the passage excellently) be justified? Is not *ora* probably the "wind of daybreak," which Dante here represents as started on its course, and so to speak chased along the sea, which is ruffled by it in its flight? (note *fuggia* and *tremolar* in l. 116-17). We should like to quote, as a passage of quite average character, which is translated with complete accuracy and good taste, the following (omitting the original to save space) from *Purg.* ix. 76, &c.:

"A gate I saw, and three steps upward make
An access to it, each of diverse hue,
And there a Warder sat who never spake.
And as my eyes gained clearer, fuller view,
I saw him seated on the topmost stair,
With face that did my power to gaze subdue.
In his right hand a naked sword he bare,
Which upon us its rays reflected still
So that in vain mine eyes oft met its glare.
'Speak where ye are, and tell me what ye will.'
So he began to speak. 'Where is your guide?
Take heed lest this your journey work you ill.'"

And so on for some distance onwards.

A very few words must be added about the notes, to which ungrudging praise may be given. They are very helpful, contain much curious information, and the historical notes, as well as those dealing with disputed interpretations, are often very full, and yet condensed. Those which deal with illustrations from the ritual of the Breviary and

* So *orezza* in *Purg.* xxiv. 150 = auritium, and by association of ideas between breeze and shadow as sources of coolness, *adrezza* in *Purg.* i. 123 describes "shade" and the curtailed form (probably) *rezzo* denotes either "shade" (as *Inf.* xvii. 87) or "cold," as *Inf.* xxxii. 75.

Missal should also not be overlooked. Take, for example, the notes on Sordello, Manfred, and especially those on the kings and other personages at the end of *Purg.* vii. There is a little slip, by the way, in the matter of Peter III. The date of November 10 is that of his death, and not, as stated, that of the Sicilian Vespers (March 30, 1282).

The notes, again, on the descendants of Hugh Capet, and those on the persons and places in *Inf.* xxvii. and *Purg.* xiv. are good specimens of the labour and skill displayed in this part of the author's work. As samples of his way of dealing with passages of disputed interpretation, we may cite *Inf.* xxxiv. 38, *Purg.* xiii. 152, xxiv. 37, and particularly that on xxviii. 40 (the question of "Matilda"). Less satisfactory, perhaps, is the treatment of the extremely difficult passage in *Purg.* ix. 1-9, where it is assumed without argument that the *passi*, or steps, with which night "travels" (which last word very inadequately represents *sale*, i.e., "ascends") are not "hours," but "watches"; and, by consequence, that the solar aurora is referred to, and the time is about 3 a.m. (It ought surely to be even later about April 10.) "At this hour," it is added, "Dante, who had kept watch till then, fell asleep." If so, it is a curiously inapposite quotation a few lines below in illustration of l. 10, that Dante could not as yet "watch one hour." It is also assumed in *Inf.* xxxiv. 96 and (by implication) in *Purg.* xviii. 76, that the vision of the *Purgatorio* commenced on Easter Monday, and not on Easter Sunday. Though I do not blame the Dean for holding this view, yet it involves such very great—and I think insuperable—difficulties that it would have been well to recognise this.

In the matter of disputed readings, we are somewhat surprised to find the Dean defending *re Giovanni* in *Inf.* xxviii. 135 (though there is certainly something to be said on both sides here); and more so to find him adopting the almost entirely unsupported *Rende* in *Inf.* iii. 114, and *porta* in *Inf.* iv. 36, and championing the almost entirely discarded *sugger detto* in *Inf.* v. 59. We think, too, that in *Purg.* xxiv. 61, the *facilior lectio* "gradire," as giving a better sense—which is open to question—is too readily accepted.

Still, in spite of any adverse criticisms of detail that have been made, we are sure that Dean Plumptre deserves, and have no doubt that he will receive, the cordial gratitude of all English students of Dante.

E. MOORE.

Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula.

By J. G. C. Minchin. (John Murray.)

MR. MINCHIN'S book on the *Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula* bears a seasonable title; but the burning topics with which it deals are hardly susceptible of adequate treatment in a literary review like the ACADEMY. A discussion of such vexed questions as the comparative merits of Austro-Hungarian or Russian policy in the Balkan Peninsula, of King Milan or Minister Ristich, Zankoff or Stambouloff, still less the delicate enquiries suggested by the kidnapping of Prince Alexander, or the mental condition of the Autocrat of all the Russias, would be

obviously out of place here. "Incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso"—the volcanic forces are still too active for us to survey the lurid scene with the philosophic coolness that history requires. It may be sufficient here to say that, though a reader acquainted with the most recent history of the Balkan lands may disagree with some of Mr. Minchin's conclusions, there can be no question that his book means well, and that it contains a timely expression of English sympathy with the rising nationalities of South-Eastern Europe.

In some respects, however, Mr. Minchin does not do justice to himself. His book seems the outcome of more than one trip to the countries about which he writes; but the reader can scarcely be sure how far the individual expressions of opinion are the result of Mr. Minchin's experiences as an eyewitness or merely retailed from others. The somewhat partisan tone adopted with regard to Serbian internal politics seems, for instance, to betray the inspiration of a native politician naturally desirous to hold up his political opponents to the execration of foreigners. Dates and itineraries are omitted where they are most wanted. Mr. Minchin was evidently in Bulgaria immediately after Prince Alexander's abdication. But he does not tell us when he arrived there; and it is only from the fact that he excerpts from the *Quarterly Review* his account of Prince Alexander's abduction that we are left to infer that he was not in the country at the time of that episode. The account that he gives of the Bulgarian Regents and Deputies is, however, not the less valuable.

Mr. Minchin's experience of Macedonia seems to have been confined to a railway journey from Üsküp to Salonica. It was rash, then, for him to indulge in confident expressions of opinion on some of the most hotly contested ethnographic questions regarding that region. He states, for example, that

"the language spoken by the majority of the tillers of Macedonian soil is a Slav dialect which is not Bulgarian . . . it resembles Serb much more closely than it does Bulgarian. . . . The Macedonian dialect is no more Bulgarian than the Croatian dialect is Bulgarian."

To those who have travelled through the length and breadth of Macedonia these will sound very astonishing statements; for not only do the Slavonic inhabitants call themselves Bulgars—this Mr. Minchin admits, though he tries to explain it away—but the language, wherever I at least have heard it spoken—with the exception of certain districts bordering on Kossovo—is characteristically Bulgarian, and rejoices in that Bulgarian shibboleth, the post-positive article. The truth is that the original area of the old Slovene nationality—later, from the absorption of its Finno-Ugrian ruling caste, known as Bulgarian—extended at one time much farther to the north and west than the limits of Macedonia or the existing Bulgarian Principality. Far into the Middle Ages the language spoken on the Lower Morava and at Belgrade itself was Bulgarian rather than Serbian. The later military preponderance of the Serbian princes was naturally favourable to the expansion of the Serbian tongue; and during several centuries Serb has been the aggressive language, and has been constantly

gaining at the expense of its neighbour. But the fact remains that the language spoken, even in the Kossovo district, was at one time Bulgaro-Slovene rather than Serb. The foundation of the Serb Županies at Doclea, and what was later called Trebinje, gave that branch a political supremacy on the Adriatic coast as early as the seventh century; but there is evidence, even in this westernmost region of a survival of the older Slovene substratum. It is a remarkable fact that in some parts of Herzegovina the language is spoken of as *Slovenski jezik* rather than *Srpski jezik*, although the people have been long Serbianised; and it is not to be overlooked that at Ragusa itself the older poetry was written in the *Bugarstica* or Bulgarian stave. These it may be said are antiquarian niceties, and have little to do with practical politics. Be it so. But then let us hear less from the champions of Serb nationality of ethnographic claims in Macedonia, where Czar Dušan himself reigned as Caesar of Bulgars and of Greeks. No doubt, whenever the political boundary between Serbia and Greater Bulgaria is fixed in that direction, it will be impossible to follow the lines of linguistic demarcation without regard to general geographical considerations. But the gainers by this method will be the Serbs, and not the Bulgars. The real indisputable claims of Serbian nationality lie in another direction. So long as Bosnia, Herzegovina, Old Serbia, and the Adriatic Primorje are in alien hands it will be wise for those who have Serbian interests at heart not to play into the hands of a Power whose innermost desire is to push the Serbs once more on to Bulgarian bayonets, and to tumble Montenegro over into a region where hostile Albanian clans may prowl perpetually amid its ruins.

In his concluding chapters Mr. Minchin gives his impressions of Bulgarian social life and the progress of education and literature in the new Principality. His report is for the most part very satisfactory. "Education is free and compulsory both for boys and girls from seven to thirteen years of age, and there is not a village either in North or South Bulgaria without its school." Everywhere there is the same intense desire to learn; but the answer of a Bohemian schoolmaster, who was asked whether the Bulgarians were by nature intelligent, is worth noting. "The Bulgarian youth are not intelligent, but they wish to be intelligent." Though elementary education is now fairly universal, the absence of adequate employment for a highly educated class—the want which in over-educated Greece has produced that well-known parasite, the "coffee-house politician"—has had the effect among the intensely practical Bulgars of simply lessening the demand for the more advanced instruction obtainable in the high schools. Thus, the number of scholars in the Gymnasias has perceptibly decreased. In reading about the general progress of culture in the Bulgarians we are constantly reminded of the great influence exercised by the Robert College at Constantinople; and it is owing to this excellent institution that the best representatives of culture in the country have a perfect acquaintance with the English language and some knowledge of our literature. Among

the best-known English authors are Adam Smith, Herbert Spencer, and (as usual in South-Eastern Europe) Buckle; probably Smiles might have been added to this list. Mr. Minchin gives an interesting account of Slaveikov, the peasant poet of Bulgaria. The destruction of his library at Eski Zagra by the Turks in 1877 inflicted an irreparable loss on his native country. The thirty-five copy-books in which Slaveikov had collected the local traditions and superstitions of his race from the lips of aged peasants, including 2,000 Bulgarian folk-songs and 400 tales, utterly perished; and all his industry has only enabled him to make up a quarter of his loss. He is now engaged on a Bulgarian dictionary.

There are many other points in Mr. Minchin's account over which it is tempting to linger. The Bulgarian practice of *Pres-tana*, a modified form of "marriage by capture," to which he alludes, is also prevalent in certain districts of Herzegovina. We should like to have heard more of the "Pavlikani" of Philippopolis, the living and ostensibly Roman Catholic representatives of the old Paulician heretics who, in the wake of mediaeval Bulgarian commerce, spread their Puritan and Iranian tenets to Italy, to Langued'oc, and even to the gates of Oxford. In a district of Southern Dalmatia, the old Župa of Canali, I have myself made the acquaintance of a peculiar people—the unquestionable descendants of local Bogomili; outwardly professing Catholicism, but abjuring the use of images, and occasionally revealing the cloven foot of a most damnable and Manichean heresy.

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

"American Statesmen."—*Alexander Hamilton*. By Henry Cabot Lodge. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

No one who knows Mr. Lodge's other writings can doubt his thorough fitness for this work. In his volume of collected essays, published two years ago, one of the ablest was a sketch of Hamilton, in substance like the present volume, but on a smaller scale. Whether the essay has been expanded, or whether the volume was condensed (for the original edition of the present book is older than the republished essays), I do not know.

The same collection contains other proofs of Mr. Lodge's fitness for dealing with such a subject. The essay on Hamilton was supplemented by three others, dealing with less conspicuous and less important politicians of the same generation. In these Mr. Lodge showed a thorough grasp over the divisions of parties which followed the establishment of the Federal Constitution, as also a thorough knowledge of the personal character of the chief actors. Mr. Lodge, too, fulfils one very needful condition for understanding and describing this period. He feels very vividly the difficulties through which the great democracy travelled its uphill and perilous journey. In this respect he contrasts most favourably with Mr. Bancroft. American history, as seen by that writer, is a triumphant procession of saints, heroes, and sages towards an appointed and inevitable end. Such a view at once falsifies history and robs the very men whom it would exalt

of all real claim to honour. Yet while Mr. Lodge estimates at their due value the difficulties through which his country has passed, while he sees that its future was often staked on the triumph of individual energy and foresight over general inertness and folly, yet this is shown with no touch of contempt nor any affectation of cosmopolitan superiority. While critical, he is heartily patriotic. In one of his essays he belabours with a good will the denationalised Americans who "waste fine powers of mind and keen perception in a fruitless striving and a morbid craving to know how we appear to foreigners, and to show what they think of us."

Some, indeed, may think a little of this temper would not have been out of place in Mr. Lodge himself, when they find him referring to the "stupid insolence which England has always been fond of displaying to this country," or describing England as acting "with her customary stupidity." Mr. Lodge's study of Burke might have taught him to refrain from drawing an indictment against a nation.

These somewhat undignified outbursts of spleen are quite at variance with the general sobriety and impartiality of the book. As a rule "Life and Times" is a title which suggests an unsatisfactory compromise. It is, as a rule, the work of one who aims at something a little beyond a mere individual sketch, yet shrinks from grappling with a large topic. It is too often biography marred by a fringe of more or less appropriate history. But Hamilton really lends himself specially to this mode of treatment. As Washington is the central figure round whom the incidents of the War of Independence group themselves, so Hamilton holds a like place among the complicated political issues of the three Presidencies which followed the establishment of the Federal Constitution. Two passages from Mr. Lodge will serve to define Hamilton's position:

"The first report on the public credit was not only the beginning of a remarkable financial scheme which achieved a brilliant practical success; but, with its successors, which came quickly after it from the fertile mind at the head of the treasury, it carried out a far-reaching policy, which affected, as it came to maturity, the character of the whole government, built up and welded together a powerful party, and founded a school of political thought which still exercises, and has always exercised, a profound influence on our material growth and our political and constitutional system. Up to this time, great and valuable as Hamilton's services had been they were simply those of a man of remarkably ability having no peculiar mark about them. The intellect, personality, of Hamilton have not left their stamp and superscription upon the constitution as it went from the Philadelphia Convention, but upon the government, the public policy, the political system which grew up under the constitution. They made an indelible impression on those early and plastic years, and one which has never been effaced. In a word, when Hamilton sent in his report on the public credit in January, 1790, from being a distinguished man he became also a typical leader, and, most important of all, an essential element in our history" (p. 88).

"There was no government, no system with life in it, only a paper constitution. Hamilton exercised the powers granted by the constitution, pointed out those which lay hidden in

its dry clauses, and gave vitality to the lifeless instrument. He drew out the resources of the country, he exercised the powers of the constitution, he gave courage to the people, he laid the foundations of national government; and this was the meaning and result of the financial policy" (p. 134).

The process by which Hamilton thus gave effect to his views of what the constitution might be, and ought to be, forms the main subject of Mr. Lodge's book. But he also brings out very clearly the sagacity of Hamilton's foreign policy. There is no reason to think that Jefferson and the sentimental Democrats would deliberately have formed an alliance with France. But that might have been the result of their eagerness to make party capital out of their French sympathies. For the policy of Washington's cabinet Hamilton was responsible. That policy was, in the words of Mr. Lodge,

"A careful consideration of our relations with France in order that the past might not be so construed as to entangle us with the fortunes and conflicts of the revolution, and in that way drag us from our true position of absolute neutrality and consequent peace" (p. 162).

That the United States have been able to enjoy to the full their isolation from the complexities of European politics is due largely to the bias thus given to American policy by Hamilton.

In one way no doubt Hamilton's reputation suffered by this. He was already tainted, in the eyes of many contemporaries, with English and monarchical sympathies. That he dreamed of an American monarchy, save perhaps as the ultimate and possible result of failure and revolution, is probably not believed now by any sane man. One may even doubt whether the bitterest of his contemporary enemies believed such a charge in their hearts. If refutation were needed, it is supplied by the energy with which he strove against those very evils which alone could make an American monarchy possible. Yet there is no doubt that Hamilton had a speculative preference for the British constitution. Mr. Lodge makes it amply clear that Hamilton's foreign policy was dictated by expediency, and not by sympathy. But the conjunction of the two modes of thought in one man undoubtedly gave a plausible ground for attack.

Mr. Lodge shows his freedom from the failings of hero-worship by the manner in which he deals with the dissensions which broke up the Federal party. Those dissensions were, no doubt, primarily due to the vanity, the ill-temper, and the suspiciousness of Washington's successor, John Adams. It is pitiful to read of a party union which had been productive of so much good, and which might yet have yielded so much more, thus torn to pieces. But, if the torch was of Adams's bringing, Hamilton was at least ready with the fuel. In telling the chief incident of the struggle, Mr. Lodge does not spare Hamilton. The party was almost openly divided on the question of foreign policy. Hamilton and his chief ally, Pickens, carried away by their hostility to the Jeffersonian Democrats, were for what may be broadly called a war policy. They believed that hostilities with France were probable. They advocated preparations for war, and they

were nowise anxious to avoid extremities. Adams held resolutely to that policy of neutrality which at an earlier day had been formulated by Hamilton. The latter, having received, it is but fair to say, no slight provocation from the President, attacked his policy in a pamphlet which Mr. Lodge describes as "a piece of passionate folly," "the work of a man crazed with passion and bent on revenge."

Mr. Lodge is more successful in bringing before us the work of Hamilton than the man himself. His genius is analysed, his oratory described, even his personal appearance sketched. Yet at the end one hardly feels that one knows the man as one knows—say Charles Fox after one has read Sir George Trevelyan. Mr. Lodge does not make, he hardly endeavours to make, his hero present to one's eyes in flesh and blood. Perhaps the vivid perception of individual character, the dramatic sense needful for such a task, are hardly to be looked for in conjunction with the critical temper, the unimpassioned estimate of contending forces and conflicting tendencies, which are the peculiar merit of Mr. Lodge's book.

J. A. DOYLE.

NEW NOVELS.

Playing with Fire. By James Grant. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Broken Seal. By Dora Russell. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Year in Eden. By Harriet Waters Preston. In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Minister's Charge. By W. D. Howells. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

Anna Karénina. By Count L. Tolstoi. Translated. (Vizetelly.)

The Gates of Eden. By Annie S. Swan. (Edinburgh: Oliphant & Ferrier.)

One of the People. By John Robertson. (Sonnenschein.)

The Unwelcome Guest. By Esmé Stuart. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Hélène. By Léon de Tinséau. Translated. (Warne.)

SINCE Mr. James Grant began to write stories of "love and war," a new generation has arisen, to which he addresses himself as ardently as of yore; but whether we have been regaled on such sumptuous fare as to have become epicures in fiction, or whether the author of *The Romance of War* has found much writing infect him with a great weariness, so that he is apt to flag where formerly he showed high mettle, the state of Denmark is—well, is unsatisfactory. In his best books, Mr. Grant seldom betrayed the possession of any keen insight into life; an excellent chronicler of stirring incident, he has shown little faculty for the creation of typical individuals. His personages have different names, act amid different scenes, are surrounded by different circumstances; but his heroes and heroines are all kith and kin, and out of old moulds are his villains turned. In no one of his books which his present critic has read is there so much "padding," so little originality, such unsatisfactory style as in *Playing with Fire*. As for the interest excited by it, that must, to a great extent, depend upon the reader. The

opinion of one reader is that he would not have sat up all night, nor even prolonged his usual time for sleep, in order to finish it. And yet Mr. Grant can describe thrilling events with a fluent pen, especially when dealing with incidents so recent and striking as our disasters and victories in the Soudan. Yet why is he comparatively ineffective here, when he has been so successful in narrating the adventures of some soldier-hero in India at the time of the Mutiny, in the plains of Flanders while waned the star of Napoleon's fate, in Spain during Wellington's campaign, in the Crimea ere the fall of Sebastopol? Because formerly he wrote out of the fullness of knowledge, or has succeeded in convincing us that he did so; now, he seems to rely on reminiscences of newspaper reports. One would have thought that if there were one point on which Mr. Grant might have trusted his own powers of description it would be the narration of a battle, fight, or skirmish. The author of *The Romance of War*, however, intersperses various quoted passages throughout his accounts of the *mêlée* at Kirbekan, the passing the Cataracts, and other episodes; so that the reader lays down the last volume with a vague idea that he has been alternately perusing a novel and a *Times* summary of the Soudan expedition. But nowhere, perhaps, is this poverty of invention so obtrusive as when a quotation from another writer is dragged in to complete the portrait of a girl. To judge from *Playing with Fire* Mr. Grant could compile an interesting book of "thoughts by recent writers on women, marriage, and society"; but most of us would prefer to await the appearance of such a volume to having its contents meted out in instalments in successive novels. The most satisfactory part of *Playing with Fire* is that describing the adventures of Roland Lindsay, Jack Elliot, and Malcolm Skene in Egypt and the Soudan; and the freshest passages in this portion are those which deal with the experiences of Malcolm Skene—an episode within an episode. The sandstorm is described graphically enough, and the encounter with the Cairene riff-raff has sufficient novelty and vigour to engage the reader's attention. Hester Maule, the heroine, is a good, true-hearted girl; but (and the writer is far from deprecating it) we have met her dozens of times already. Annot Drummond and Hawkey Sharpe are the author's puppets of evil; both are shadows of personages long since drawn by Thackeray and familiar to all of us; indeed they are shadows of shadows—for they are reflections of Whyte Melville's phantom duplications.

In *The Broken Seal* Miss Russell cannot be said to have traversed new ground. This, however, is a secondary matter. We are often more charmed with the new friend who will take us through a familiar country and open our eyes to much that we have seen and yet not comprehended, who will make common things alive in a new light, than with the guide who leads us into strange places where the mere novelty of what we look upon is, perhaps, the only real delight. But Miss Russell can hardly be said to have allured us in either direction. At most, she has been a pleasant companion in a district with all whose features we are as familiar as she is. *The Broken Seal* is a good story, rather

above the highest average of three-volume novels. It has an interesting plot; there are exciting incidents; there is considerable play of character; and (and no slight boon is this) we do not realise when we have finished with it that we have wasted our time in poor company. Miss Russell's new story is so good, indeed, that we are provoked it is not better. But, apart from faults of style, and occasional grammatical shortcomings such as "from whence," the novel has, as a serious effort in fiction, one great drawback. It belongs to the numerous brood of emasculated sprung from one robust progenitor, inheriting, however, not the vigour, but rather the one evil taint that lurked in the ancestral blood. From *Jane Eyre* how many women have drawn the motifs of their novels! The present critic is probably not alone in considering that Charlotte Brontë's famous romance falls short of greatness just because of the episode of the maniac, so melodramatic in narration, so essentially literary in its half-truth, its truth as polarised by reflection from the mirror not of life but of fictional art. Yet how vigorously told, how true to life even, does the story of Rochester and his mad wife seem when compared with the "maniac romances" now so common. It is rather difficult to decide who is the heroine of *The Broken Seal*—probably Annette Doyme is meant to occupy this position: anyhow, Annette (after throwing over her lover, Alan Lester, in haste and misunderstanding) marries a Sir Rupert Miles, who, so far as can be made out, is mad from the first. The course of the married life of Sir Rupert and Lady Miles naturally does not run smoothly; but it is a picture painted in too vivid and exaggerated colours. We are asked to believe what is, so far as fictional truth is concerned, practically incredible. In a novel reviewed in the *Academy* some months ago reference was made by the present writer to the somewhat unusual proceeding of "a well-known member of society," in keeping a luxuriously-furnished coffin for his own occasional use, and for the ultimate permanent occupancy of his wife before the intervention of death, and to other eccentricities of like probability; but there are episodes even more grotesquely unlikely in *The Broken Seal*. But, as has been already hinted, this story is an excellent one of its kind, with all its drawbacks. Above all, it is keenly interesting, and when this is the case much indeed may be forgiven.

With Miss Harriet Preston's name I am unacquainted, nor do I know of any book of her authorship besides *A Year in Eden*. Probably, her name is familiar to many readers in the United States, for this story by an American is so excellently told that it is hardly likely to have been a first venture. It is a New-World romance, free from the deadly common-place of so much American fiction, yet true to life. They are real men and women whom we meet, personages in whom we can take a genuine interest, in their wrong-doings and weaknesses as in their virtues and heroisms. A great poet has told us that

"Secret somewhere on this earth,
Unpermitted Eden lies;"

so that, for even a year in Eden, one should in measure be thankful. But, as too often

happens, and as is the case with the personages of Miss Preston's story, the worthy stand outside the gates while the undeserving make joy within. Philip Winslow is the Mephistopheles of this every-day tragedy. His wife is a noble woman whom he cannot truly love, and whom he is incapable of appreciating; and Monza, the "blazing little brunette," to use his own refined words, with whom he elopes, is a picturesque figure and a fascinating study. The old Misses Middleton, and other inhabitants of Pierpoint, are delineated with skill and no little insight. The following, of Godfrey Griswold, while, of course, not new, is made acutely realisable, and is well put:

"Godfrey was one of those men—there are always a certain number—who cherish all their lives an intellectual ideal of depravity to which neither circumstances nor their own qualities ever permit them to attain. He was not nearly as bad as he conscientiously pretended to be. He thought himself a triumphant rebel against the spiritual and moral traditions of his native town, and contemptuous of her type of mind and character; in reality these influences were in his blood, and impossible to eliminate. He fancied that he was a thoroughgoing utilitarian in morals, distinctly superior to sentimental considerations, and quite indifferent to the means he used or the company he sought for the attainment of a desirable end; in reality he was fastidious by instinct, and had lived so long on terms of familiar friendship with peculiarly honourable men, that he found himself unexpectedly maladroit at meaner ways."

The conclusion of *A Year in Eden* shows that its author is fully alive to the value of a wise restraint. A difficult *dénouement* is reached with skill and delicate handling. This being so, it is a pity that the final impression should be weakened by the quite unnecessary and, therefore, as it seems to me, inartistic "resurrection" of Monza's grandmother, Assunta.

Mr. W. D. Howells recently wrote some random words anent English fiction as compared with that of Europe and America—words, to be candid, which were as presumptuous as they were uncalled for. He did not know that the following footsteps of Nemesis were so close upon him. Surely if this facile and dexterous, if much overrated, writer had guessed how his latest novel would have affected readers, he would have enclosed himself in the courts of silence, and not babbled foolishly from the house-tops. Mr. Howells has doubtless already repented him of his haste, for he is as a rule too shrewd not to notice how the wind-straws are blowing. A severe fate has ordained that this choice product of American culture should write a book so hopelessly, so irredeemably dull, that the hearts of his enemies must be filled with rejoicing. Woe unto that unfortunate to whom at this season of multitudinous intellectual as well as gastronomical dainties is presented *The Minister's Charge*; deep will be his depression, dire his wrath, at the wasting of rare opportunities. But for those who suffer more from apprehension than from the reality, there is a worse doom in the darkness of the future; Mr. Howells as good as promises to write a sequel to *The Minister's Charge*. The motif of this story by the would-be prime minister in the realm of romance is the misleading of a young poet, Lemuel Barker, by a complaisant clerical gentleman

named David Sewell. This not very thrilling theme is certainly made the very utmost of; but in the aspiring Mr. Lemuel, in the agreeable Mr. Sewell, and in the eminently virtuous Mrs. Sewell, in the "whopper-jawed" Amanda Grier and in the affectionate Statira, there can hardly be any very wide interest. Mr. Howells, and others of his school, if not carried away by the exuberance of their own verbosity, seem at any rate to be possessed by a mania for the commonplace. Their consummate dullness at times almost amounts to genius. But, having spoken disrespectfully of one of the great powers, let me hasten to add that in *The Minister's Charge*, as elsewhere in Mr. Howells's writings, there is the familiar delicacy of touch, the wonted charm of style. We recognise the author of *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, *A Chance Acquaintance*, *A Foregone Conclusion*, in such phrases as: "[Mrs. Sewell] worked [her husband's] moral forces as mercilessly as a woman uses the physical strength of a man when it is placed at her direction." "Sewell smiled to think how much easier it was to make one's peace with one's God than with one's wife." If dexterous skill in the craft of fiction could save any book from speedy oblivion, then *The Minister's Charge* might escape limbo.

If Mr. Howells, the critic, is sometimes drowsy, this somnolent condition is infrequent. Truthfully and concisely that popular author wrote of Count Tolstoi's *Anna Karénina*—"not, 'This is like life,' but 'This is life.'" Reference has already been made in the ACADEMY to this famous work of the great Russian novelist, in its French guise, so I need not dwell on it again. It is a triumph of realistic art, but its realism is as far removed from that of Zola as it is from that of certain disciples of Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells. It is a great novel. One is almost as much a gainer from the perusal of it as from a new and vivid experience of life in a strange country and under unfamiliar, but peculiarly favourable, circumstances. The translation of this bulky volume is from the original Russian, and seems to be an excellent rendering, so far as literalness is concerned. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Vizetelly will continue to produce the best works of the great Russian novelists, Gogol and Tolstoi, Turgénieff and Dostoieffsky.

Mrs. Annie Swan made a small, but a deserved, reputation by her clever studies from Scottish life, *Aldersyde* and *Carlowrie*. Stories containing a great deal of dialect naturally gain a comparatively limited appreciation; but in *The Gates of Eden* there is just enough to be pleasant, while the scenes in which Mrs. Swan's personages fulfil their functions are not confined to the Scottish lowlands. In London, indeed, some of the leading incidents occur. This is an admirable story of its kind, well-written, interesting—in a word, worth reading and remembering. Mrs. Swan is a little vague in her ideas of the duties of the sub-editor of a London evening paper, but this is a matter of small moment.

Mr. Robertson's narrative deals also with the fortunes of Scottish folk. *One of the People* is not without interest, but the characterisation is feeble and the incidents are not attractively narrated. There is great room for improvement in the matter of style. Mr.

John Robertson may do better some day, but he has, meanwhile, somewhat to unlearn as well as to learn.

The Unwelcome Guest is a story for girls, and deserves appreciation from the public for whom it is meant. The narration of the ups-and-downs in the life of Jennifer Brabyn is sufficiently interesting to occupy some pleasant hours during holiday-time. The full-page illustrations, however, are very indifferent; that facing p. 80 is execrable, and is still more execrably engraved.

This translation of M. Léon de Tinseau's popular novel is the fourth in Messrs. Warne's new "Library of Continental Authors." *Helène* has in France reached its twenty-fifth edition. It is very French, very romantic, and very feeble.

WILLIAM SHARP.

GIFT-BOOKS.

Alice's Adventures Under Ground. By Lewis Carroll. With thirty-seven illustrations by the Author. (Macmillan.) After a popularity that has lasted for just twenty-one years, the inimitable writer who still chooses to be known as Lewis Carroll has ventured upon the daring experiment of revealing to the world the form that his immortal story first took in his own mind. To many the result will be not unlike the feelings to which Charles Lamb confessed on being shown the autographs of Milton at Cambridge. There—if we remember aright—the MS. discloses one long hiatus for all the epithets in that sounding line—

"Their loud, uplifted, angel trumpets blow."

So here, the curious collator will find that the original Alice knew nothing of the hatter, or the Cheshire cat, or the duchess, or the Caucus-race. Yet more bold was it of Lewis Carroll to publish facsimiles of his own sketches, out of which the genius of Mr. Tenniel developed those graceful figures which have always hitherto seemed to be the inevitable embodiment of the story. As an odd detail, we may notice that the author evidently thought that a hookah is the same thing as a chibouque (p. 49). But if we were once to start off after such comparisons, we should never come to a stop. Suffice it to say that the minor modifications made in the final draft of the story are scarcely less noteworthy than the large additions; and that in only a single case have we discovered a change for the worse. The tale or tail originally put into the mouth of the mouse began thus:—

"We lived beneath the mat
Warm and snug and fat
But one woe, and that
Was the cat!"

Just one word more, and that must be a word of warning. Let none with weak eyes attempt to read the lithographed handwriting at night—or, in this season of fogs, by day!

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN, & Co. are to be congratulated on having produced something very like a novelty in a series of four dainty little volumes of *Songs and Sketches*, each inspired by one of the four seasons. The verses and pictures are selected and arranged by E. Nesbitt and Robert Ellice Mack; and it is a noteworthy feature that careful acknowledgment is made to all who have been concerned in the production of the books down to the printer. The verses, whether original or borrowed, are always appropriate to the season; and the illustrations are both well-drawn and carefully reproduced, apparently by some process in which photography and lithography conspire. We hope we are right in thinking that this most excellent series is of English, not American, conception. One of its merits which

we must not omit is that the volumes will go cheaply and safely by post, for they carry no dead weight.

HANDSOMELY illustrated editions of short poems—where the pictures quite overshadow the letterpress—form a growing department of Christmas literature. By far the most elaborate of these is a series of illustrations to Gray's *Elegy* by Mr. Norman Prescott Davies (Field & Tuer), to which Prof. Hales has not disdained to write an introduction, quoting the omitted stanzas, and pointing out (rightly enough) that the scene should not be exclusively localised at Stoke Poges. Gray's *Elegy* has ere now attracted many illustrators; but, as a matter of fact, it supplies few scenes for the pencil. We cannot feel any satisfaction in Mr. Davies's efforts, though they appear to have won the approval of the Princess of Wales. Above everything, we object to a Norman arch, which is repeatedly introduced as a sort of frame, however incongruous. Another set of illustrations to the same poem, by Alfred Woodruff, is published by Messrs. John Walker & Co. in their "Golden Floral Series," together with an edition of Mrs. Norton's *Bingen on the Rhine*, illustrated, on a Lilliputian scale, by some half-dozen American artists. To the same class belongs a set of illustrations to the *Benedicite* (Sampson Low) by a number of English artists, which reaches a fair level of merit, but nowhere rises very high. Mr. Boot and Mr. Dell supply the majority of the landscapes; Mr. Whympers the animals; and Mr. Gulland and Mr. Knowles the figures, which—as often happens in such cases—are the least successful. The drawings have evidently lost nothing at the hands of their engraver, Mr. R. Paterson, who himself contributes a decorative doxology, which recalls the now extinct school of calligraphy.

AMONG nursery books proper, the first place belongs of right to *At Home Again* (Marcus Ward), which, it is hardly necessary to say, is a sort of continuation of *At Home and Abroad*. The verses, written by Miss Eliza Keary, perhaps maintain the original standard better than the illustrations, where pseudo-Japanese struggles with restored Queen Anna. But the pictures really do illustrate the text; the decorative borders are a delight to the eyes; and the volume has been produced by the publishers in a style that no others can rival. From Messrs. Marcus Ward also come *Pets and Playmates*, with pictures by Edith Scannell, and verses by Eliza Keary, which, though on a smaller scale, deserves similar praise. *Under the Mistletoe* and *All Round the Clock* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) are two companion volumes, abounding in illustrations in colour and monochrome, which have been reproduced by a German lithographer. The best thing about them are the verses (apparently) of Robert Ellice Mack, especially those giving clever adaptations of old nursery refrains. The pictures are unequal, but each book has a good frontispiece. Somewhat similar, though throughout coarser in execution, is *Home Sunbeams* (S.P.C.K.); but we can find nothing good to say of *The Holy Child* (S.P.C.K.), containing sixteen coloured illustrations by Paul Mohn, in the worst style of religious realism. Less ambitious, but much more acceptable, are *The New Children's Album*, by Chatty Cheerful, and *The Historical Scrap-Book*, both containing woodcuts from Messrs. Cassell's inexhaustible storehouse. The former has stories specially written to accompany the pictures; the latter has only explanatory labels, and it is to be regretted that the scenes have not been arranged in chronological order.

Goldhanger Woods: a Child's Romance. By M. & C. Lee. (National Society.) Children will not be deceived by the title of this book.

It is a romance, and a child's romance, and a child's romance in two senses: for it is fit for children to read, and children form a very important part of the actors in the drama. It begins with inoculation for the small-pox, which, in itself, can scarcely be deemed romantic. But it goes on to a wicked old baronet and his neglected children, and smugglers, and dangerous adventures, and hairbreadth escapes; and all the story is written in a way which makes the reader believe it, as he well may, for the incidents, though wonderful, are such as have probably happened more than once, though perhaps not altogether or in the same order. *Goldhanger Woods* is, in fact, a capital story, written cleverly and in good taste; and Susan is a real heroine, whom we should like to have for either a sister or a daughter.

Tales of the Caliph. By Al Arawiyah. (Fisher Unwin.) Imitations of *The Arabian Nights* were once common enough, and some of them, like *Persian Tales* and *Oriental Tales*, enjoyed a large popularity. But the vogue for them has long gone by, and even such a masterpiece as *Vathek* might not readily reach fame to-day. El Arawiyah is not a very original or entertaining rhapsodist; but his tales are readable, and will probably be found sufficiently amusing by the duller race of children—especially if they have never read *The Arabian Nights*.

Jack Marston's Anchor. By F. Morell Holmes. (Cassell.) If you are a really religious boy when you go to sea, you may be sent at once on the "look-out" by the pilot, and be chosen to steer a boat to go to the rescue of the crew of a ship sunk by collision, and do it all splendidly in spite of the most fearful sea-sickness. You will get disliked, but will jump overboard and save the life of your enemy. You will be sent aloft, and stop there during the whole passage through the Suez Canal. You will save the life of your father's greatest enemy, who will die, leaving you his ill-gotten gains. You will save a whole lot of people from being murdered by mutineers; and you will do all this, and a great deal more, in your first voyage at sea. As far as we can judge, this is the moral of this extremely improbable and silly story.

The Ghost of Brankinshaw, and other Tales. By Emily E. Reader. (Longmans.) We must confess that we have only read *The Ghost of Brankinshaw* and two of the "other tales." We therefore strongly recommend anyone who is the possessor of this volume to begin by reading the others, the names of which are "The Stolen Jewels," "Be ye his who finds ye," and "The Model Boy." The titles are good—the first is even appetising—and it is possible that we have missed three real treats. Our experience of the volume, however, so far as we have gone, would not justify us in recommending its purchase in order to try the experiment.

Dicky Daffodil: a Poxy of Wild Flowers and Birds. By Mrs. Dambrill-Davies. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) There is a certain country atmosphere about this book, filled with the scent of wildflowers and the chirrup of birds, which inclines the reader to pass gently over its manifest deficiencies. What it is all about, and why it was written, are difficult questions to answer. Two village idiots, who live and die in a sort of cheerful misery, flit fitfully through the pages. There is a young lady also who rejects a dandy and marries a sensible young man, but her appearance and disappearance are alike inexplicable on any sane theory. Altogether the book has much of the inconsecutiveness of a dream—"a thing of threads and patches"—scarcely worth writing or read-

ing; but yet its effect on the memory is not altogether without charm.

A Child's Pilgrimage. By Frances Clare. (Skeffington.) "Angel Nora (A Child's Angel's Visit to Earth)," "A Child's Pilgrimage (A Child's Tragedy)," "Dulcie's Money Box (An Allegory)," "Wounded in the House of his Friends (A Spiritual Romance)," are the titles of some of these stories, and will sufficiently indicate their style. There are certain pictures smoothly finished, softly coloured, and highly charged with devout expression, which are to be seen in the windows of shops in the neighbourhood of most churches on the Continent. They seem to have much the same relation to art as these stories to literature. No one thinks of seriously criticising such pictures, for their object is to excite a certain class of spiritual emotion, and we shall plead a similar excuse for reticence with regard to these stories.

Xit and Zoe: their Early Experiences. (Blackwood.) This is the history of our first parents, according to Darwin. Two monkeys, of different sexes, with an unusual amount of brain and sentiment, and a complete absence of tail, driven from their families, meet by accident, and of course fall in love with one another. We should be sorry to accuse Xit of any intentional inaccuracy; but seeing that he was taught writing by his great-great-granddaughter, we may be pardoned for supposing that his memory with regard to his childhood, and the earlier years of his married life, may have got slightly confused in the interval. If not, the inventiveness of the fairer sex must be greatly underestimated at the present time, for Zoe not only discovered how to make a fire, but to tame horses, weave silk, and a number of other things of incalculable value to the human race. They were indeed, both of them, prodigies of invention, and in a few years reached a pitch of civilisation little removed from our own. For these reasons we doubt the historical value of *Xit and Zoe*, and believe it was written by one of his female descendants, but that does not prevent it from being a very amusing book.

Only a Kitten. By Maude Randall. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) We trust that this story is not nearly so autobiographical as it pretends to be, for the young lady who is supposed to tell it as part of her experiences in life is but a poor creature. As for Maude Randall, the *dramatis persona*, the sooner she leaves this tearful world the better; but for Maude Randall, the author, there is more chance of a rational future, if she will only remember that the very best dish of pathos is apt to produce nausea if it be overdone.

Bartholomew Legate, by Florence Gregg, (Sonnenschein), is a work of great though painful interest. It is a skilful interblending of fiction with the comparatively few facts known of the last Smithfield martyr who suffered for Arianism no longer back than 1611. That the Smithfield fires should have been kept so long alight may well provoke a feeling of wonderment; but still more marvellous is it that their last blaze was kindled by no less a personage than the Bishop of London. Milman describes this anti-Christian prelate as "the last Bishop of the Church of England who put in force the statute against heretics," and adds—"For the last time the atmosphere of London was tainted with the reek of a holocaust for that crime" (Arianism). The author has traced Legate's development as a liberal theologian with considerable skill. She presents him as a determined and courageous truth-seeker, a man of the type of Blanco White or Arthur Hugh Clough (see p. 174), in our own day. Legate's death, duly investigated, seems to have been little else than a judicial murder stealthily com-

plotted by an imbecile king and a few servile judges and episcopal bigots. A letter of Archbishop Abbot in the Egerton papers (p. 268), tells us that the king did not want Lord Coke to be consulted in the matter "least by his singularity in opinion he should give stave to the business." The whole history is anything but creditable to the Church and State that existed before the Commonwealth. We see our self-sapient "Solomon," like Ahab, surrounded by lying prophets, and disdaining to consult "Micah the son of Imlah" in the person of his wisest and most constitutional judge. We can cordially recommend this work whether as a clever reproduction of former times, or for its skilful portrayal of a noble character.

In all Times of Our Tribulation. By Emily S. Holt. (Shaw.) The weakness of Edward II., the greed and bloodthirsty nature of his wife, and the ill-fortune of Piers Gaveston, are the motives of this historical tale. Already favourably known for a good many books written in the same style, the author here discards in great measure the thread of a love story, and relies mainly on the chequered history of the times and her skill in antiquarian research to present her readers with an interesting and uncommon tale. The dishes served at dinners in the early part of the fourteenth century, or the inventories of royal wardrobes and the like are a commendable item in such a story, and have been worked up with much industry. There is an excellent chapter introducing Richard of Hampole, the Yorkshire hermit-saint. Throughout, the dialogues are spirited and natural; though "quotha," "this passeth"! "soothly," and other quaint interjections are sprinkled over them somewhat thickly. One or two expressions here and there jar upon the ear. Thus to call children "aborigines of the nursery" is sufficiently affected; while to write, concerning a fourteenth-century quarrel, that "a little discounting of the bill will hardly be an injustice," destroys the reader's sense of congruity. The most serious blemish in the book is the writer's evident lack of sympathy with the religious ideas of the period. Leaving theology out of the question, unless an author endeavours to throw himself into the spirit, both in morals and religion, of the age whose manners he depicts, his representation runs considerable risk of being partial and jejune. Occasionally Miss Holt, in her eagerness to grasp at the scanty provisions of the Reformation which coloured the period of history chosen, poses too evidently as a Protestant propagandist. But the book is a highly meritorious attempt to familiarise nineteenth-century readers with the confusions of a long past century little known and less understood.

Through Unknown Ways. By E. L. Guernsey. (Shaw.) This is an historical diary, which deals with that exciting period of English history, 1684-88. The story, though a little spun out, is interesting, and the author manifests considerable dexterity in clothing her historical skeleton with the living tissue of contemporary life, sentiment, and manners.

THE author of *The Venturesome Twins* (Griffith, Farran & Co.), Mary E. Gellie, has also, it appears, published a good many children's stories. This one contains nothing very novel. In order to find adventures more real than those of the fairy stories, a boy and girl of tender years run away from home, are swallowed up in the mighty world of London, and by a happy *rencontre* return unharmed to their parents. But the illustrations of the book are excellent, the print commendably large, and its get-up generally worthy of the publishers' reputation. It would delight a child of four.

By means of the time-honoured motto, *Manners Maketh Man* (Fisher Unwin), the author of "How to be Happy though Married," introduces to the world thirty short but telling essays, mostly on the minor morals. Some of these have already seen the light in the fugitive literature of the day. Their style is genial; and, without being weighed down by learning, there are allusions and anecdotes in every page which show a wide range of reading. The chapters, "Mind whom you Marry" and "The Management of a Husband," are excellently written. Indeed few men and women exist who will not find some hints in this little book which may add a grace to an otherwise perfect character.

IN *Elsie Dinmore* and *Elsie's Holidays* (Griffith, Farran & Co.), Martha Farquharson writes some 700 pages in two volumes (and promises a third) on a girl of strong religious sensibilities, after the style of Mrs. Sherwood. We should have thought that the somewhat obtrusive piety of the book, and the peculiar views which it inculcates of managing children, were out of fashion at the present day. Nor are we particularly fond of Elsie herself, who is allowed to rebuke an adult on Sunday as follows:

"The Bible says the Sabbath is to be kept holy unto the Lord; that we are not to think our own thoughts, nor speak our own words, nor do our own actions; but all the day must be spent in studying God's word, or worshipping and praising Him."

This is scarcely the teaching of the New Testament. Such views may suit ultra-Protestant maiden aunts, but we cannot recommend these books for children.

Dora and Nora. By Annette Lyster. Illustrated by J. Nash. (S.P.C.K.) This is a study of a clever, satirical, selfish, rich maiden lady, who, when she gets old, sends for a grandniece to be her companion, and expects her to put up with any amount of snubbing in return for a handsome salary, plenty of leisure and good social opportunities, to say nothing of expectations, provided she is good and stays with her grandaunt till she dies. The first grandniece (Dora) is a failure, because she is selfish and silly; the second (Nora) is a success, because she is unselfish and has plenty of good sense. So far, the book is interesting and clever, the three characters being well drawn. As for the rest—the love and the religion—they are both uninteresting and poor, put in apparently for the sake of making the study into a story. We are intended to believe that a certain sermon produced a great change in Nora; but there is no difference, so far as the story is concerned, between Nora before and Nora after, and the lovers are dummies. The illustrations are poor.

The King's Command. By Maggie Symington. (Cassell.) Miss Symington seems to have been accepted by the public as a writer of edifying stories for girls; and if the public be satisfied, who are we that we should complain? We do not intend to complain, but simply to tell the truth as we see it—the truth being that *The King's Command* is an exceedingly thin and commonplace story, describing in a flat sort of way the troubles and difficulties of a girl who is left an orphan at an early age. We are glad that in the end the young lady gets happily married, partly because we are sorry for her, but mainly, we fear, because we are rather tired of her.

Our Soldier Hero: a Story of my Brothers. By M. L. Ridley. (Shaw.) This is not a very good book of its kind. It is mawkishly sentimental and rather twaddly. "Sweet" is the ruling epithet for the doings of the soldier hero, and some one is always dying that somebody else's character may be improved. The two brothers go through rather odd educational experiences. The soldier hero goes to the "military college"

at Woolwich, which is also called "the school," and from it passes out splendidly, and then gets a commission, not in the engineers or artillery, but in the —th regiment. The other brother goes at fifteen to the London University, which is also usually described as "school," and thence to Oxford, on his way to be a doctor. But perhaps the most striking feature of the soldier hero was his forehead, as we are told that "even that ugly white helmet seemed to set off to the greatest advantage the broad forehead."

The Church in the Valley. A Tale. By Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell. Illustrated by E. Hopkins. (S. P. C. K.) We thought that even little children had got tired of stories that turned out in the end to be only dreams. Of course, we except the immortal Alice and her wonderful visions; but Miss Mitchell is not Mr. Lewis Carroll. In this tale a man falls asleep by the side of a river, and he dreams the history of the parish church, and then he tells it to the parson. We wonder that the latter had the patience to listen to him.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN, we are glad to hear, have decided to issue a popular edition of the "English Men of Letters," in monthly volumes at one shilling each. The first of these, Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Johnson*, will be published in January.

BESIDES the "original" MS. book of *Alice in Wonderland*, which has been published this week, and the dramatisation of the story at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, we are also promised another variation on the ever-fresh theme. This is a selection of some twenty-four of Mr. Tenniel's drawings, enlarged and coloured under the superintendence of the artist. The volume will be called *The Nursery Alice*.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press an authorised translation, edited by Mr. Henry Reeve, of Count Vitzthum's *Reminiscences of St. Petersburg and London between 1853 and 1864*, which has recently aroused so much interest in Germany.

PROF. J. P. MAHAFFY is now passing through the press a new edition (being the third) of *Rambles and Studies in Greece*. It will contain a new chapter, dealing with Sparta, besides many other additions and corrections.

MR. DAVID NUTT has in the press a reprint of the old English translation of the *Cupid and Psyche* of Apuleius, which was made by William Adlington in 1565. The reprint is edited by Mr. A. Lang, who has also written a discussion of the world-wide myth of the "invisible husband."

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish shortly after Christmas a revised edition of Mr. H. G. Keene's *History of Hindustan*, from the first Muslim Conquest to the Fall of the Moghul Empire, which has been adopted as one of the text-books in the new Oriental School at Oxford.

AMONG the issues of the Oxford Historical Society for next year will be vols. ii. and iii. of the *Registrum Universitatis Oxoniensis*, edited by the Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln College. Vol. ii. will contain some casual lists of members of the colleges and halls between 1565 and 1583, the matriculations from 1568 to 1622, and the degrees from 1572 to 1622. Vol. iii. will consist of a lengthy introduction, a full index, and appendices. Mr. Clark has also in hand a new edition of Anthony à Wood's *History of the City of Oxford*, formerly edited by Sir John Peshall. We may add that he has just issued a sermon preached by him in All Saints' Church, Oxford, last year, giving a history of that parish, of

which he was then vicar. This forms one of a series entitled "Short Sermons from Oxford Pulpits," which is published by Messrs. S. Rowbottom & Son, of Oxford. A former volume in the same series was a sketch of the life of St. Edmund, by the Rev. E. S. Foulkes, vicar of St. Mary's.

THE second edition of the *Life and Work of the late Earl of Shaftesbury*, by Mr. Edwin Hodder, has already been exhausted; a third is now printing, and will be ready early in January.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY announce for publication in January Prince Krapotkin's *In French and Russian Prisons*; Mr. Robert Buchanan's *A Look round Literature*; *The Personal Recollections of the Duc de Broglie*, translated by Mr. Ledos de Beaufort; *Travels in the Interior*; or, *The Wonderful Adventures of Luke and Belinda* (an attempt to teach in an accurate and amusing manner the physiology of the human body), by Dr. A. T. Schofield, with numerous fanciful illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss; *Through the Golden Gates: a Fragment of Thought*, by a lady novelist; and *Commonsense in the Nursery*, by Mrs. Marion Harland.

Two three-volume novels will also be published in January by the same firm: *An Enthusiast*, by Miss Caroline Fothergill; and *A Strange Affair*, by Mr. W. Outram Tristram.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY have also ready for immediate publication cheaper editions of the following novels: *The Master of the Ceremonies*, by George Manville Fenn; *The Chilcotes*, by Leslie Keith; *A Lucky Young Woman*, by F. C. Phillips; *The Aliens*, by Henry F. Keenan; *A Mental Struggle*, by the author of "Molly Bawn"; and *A Reigning Favourite*, by Annie Thomas.

MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT will publish in January two new works, entitled *Eighteenth Century Waifs*, by John Ashton; and *Shikar Sketches*, with notes on Indian field-sports, by J. Moray Brown, illustrated by Mr. J. C. Dollman. They will also issue two three-volume novels: *Passages in the Life of a Lady in 1814-1815-1816*, by Mr. Hamilton Aidé; and *Victims*, by Theo Gift.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have in the press *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane*, by Mark Rutherford, the author of "Mark Rutherford's Autobiography," &c.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish the following books during the month of January: a novel, in two vols., by Mrs. Campbell Praed, entitled *The Bond of Wedlock*; a novel, in three vols., by Mrs. Alexander Fraser, entitled *Daughters of Belgravia*; also cheap single-volume editions of the following: *Killed in the Open*, by Mrs. Edward Kennard; *Lady Honoria's Nieces*, by the Hon. Mrs. Chetwynd; *By Woman's Wit*, by Mrs. Alexander; and *Army Society*, by John Strange Winter.

MESSRS. WHITTAKER & Co. have in the press a series of articles on *South African Hunting*, and *Notes on a Ride to the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi*, reprinted, with considerable additions and corrections, from the *Field*, by Mr. Alfred T. Bethell, adjutant of the Bechuanaland Border Police.

A NEW volume of verse by Mr. J. Pyke-Nott, entitled *Aeonia*, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. HENRY STEVENS & SON, of St. Martin's Lane, will publish on January 1 the fourth part of the *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, edited by Prof. F. J. Child, of Harvard.

UNDER the title of the *Beer of the Bible*, Messrs. Trübner will issue next week a work giving a definition of the *Machmetzeth*, "that

which is leavened" (Exodus xii. 19-20), as the Hebrew beer—an estate fermented paste, identical with the modern Egyptian bread beer, *boosa*. The author is a consulting brewer, who studied the Egyptian leavens when resident at the Cairo brewery.

WITH the new year *Walford's Antiquarian* will appear in an enlarged form, the number of pages being increased to sixty-eight. Among the contents of the January number will be an article on "The Literature of Almanacs"; a paper on *Domesday Book*; and, under the heading of "Frostiana," a quantity of information touching severe winters and hard frosts from a remote period, both at home and abroad. The number will also contain a paper, by the editor, on "Tom Coryate and his *Crudities*."

THE well-known lexicographer, Dr. Daniel Sanders, has just issued, under the title of *Fürs deutsche Haus*, a selection of extracts from the Old and New Testament and the principal Greek and Latin authors, in masterly German versions. The book, which is very carefully edited and beautifully got-up, is published by S. Rosenbaum at Berlin.

IN the review of Mr. Hore's *The Church in England from William III. to Victoria*, in the ACADEMY of last week, it is implied that Addison's "dearest Harry" was not the Sacheverell. This very point, however, was raised on the publication of Mr. Courthope's *Addison*, in the "English Men of Letters" series; and Mr. Doble showed at the time (ACADEMY, May 10, 1884) that the other Sacheverell for whom the honour is claimed, the author of a history of the Isle of Man, had for his Christian name not Henry but William.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE VIKING.

Time: nightfall in the middle of the ninth century.

Place: at sea, on the poop of a Norse Viking's galley.

Author: a Gaelic bard captured by the Viking.
Cause of Making: orders to praise the Viking and his gods.

"BITTER in sooth is the wind to-night,
Rousing the wrath of the white-haired sea;
But smooth-sea-sailing is no delight
To Norrway's heroes fierce and free."

"Strong and swift are the waves to-night,
Roaring over the reefs a-lee:
Stronger, swifter thy ranks in fight,
Charging thy foes till they break and flee.

"Bright and keen are the stars to-night,
Sending thy shafts to pierce the sea:
Brighter thy swords when they flash and smite,
Keener thy darts when they drench the lea.

"Glad are the hearts of thy gods to-night:
Odin, the Father, is fain to see
Eyeballs of fire and arms of might,
Sea-kings sailing in warriors' glee.

"Why do I launch this lay to-night,
I, a singer from Christentie?
Thor is stronger than Christ the White:
Therefore I praise thy gods and thee.

"Little but song have I to-night:
Guerdon of gold give thou to me:
Laud the singer who sings aright:
Give him his sword, and set him free!"

W. S.

* This quatrain is translated from an Old-Gaelic verse cited in the *Grammatica Celtica*, p. 953, from the St. Gallen Priscian, p. 112.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE have already received the first numbers of three monthly magazines that begin with the new year. The fact that they have been called into existence seems to show that they meet a demand—like the many biographical series and cheap reprints of the day; but we cannot say that any of them is marked by special features.

Murray's opens, as was fitting, with some interesting "Byroniana." There are three papers on public affairs by some of the younger lions of politics; two instalments of fiction; and a review of Gen. Grant's memoirs, which is remarkable only because of its writer. Perhaps the article with most freshness is that entitled "An Irish Parish Priest."

Scribner's has even less novelty about it, at least to the English taste, though we are promised in future numbers some unpublished letters of Thackeray and a novel by Mr. R. L. Stevenson. The engraving of the illustrations is noticeable, rather than extraordinary; and there is a sound disquisition on "Socialism," by Mr. Francis A. Walker.

Last, and least in price, is the *Hour Glass*, to which we would give a favourable word. It has an excellent frontispiece, other illustrations well up to the average, and a number of short articles by prominent names. We observe that this magazine, though published in London, is printed at Manchester.

IN the current number of *Brain* Prof. Schiff has a long answer to Prof. Horsley's recent criticism in the same journal of his views on the excitable area of the cortex and its relations to the spinal cord. Prof. Schiff holds that the movements called forth by electrical stimulation of the cortex do not show this to be motor centres, but can be explained as reflex movements due to the irritation of the fibres of the posterior columns, which, he supposes, approach the cortex before reaching the true centres at the base. This view is not generally received either in Germany or elsewhere; and Prof. Horsley has, in the article referred to, tried to demonstrate, in the light of new experiments of his own, its untenability. The German physiologist now accuses Prof. Horsley of not having taken the trouble to master his views, and of having failed, as he claims, to repeat his own experiment. Prof. Horsley follows in a spirited reply, in which he certainly seems to fully justify his previous criticisms. He winds up by expressing his disappointment at Prof. Schiff's not having furnished the reader with a fuller account of his "operative procedure," and plainly hints that his method of research has not been quite so painstaking as it might have been. Other interesting articles in an unusually good number of *Brain* are an account of the various forms of paralysis of the movements of convergence by Dr. H. Parinaud; and a brief history by Mr. C. S. Sherrington of a remarkable recent discovery, viz., the existence in the anterior half of the spinal chord of tracts which transmit sensory and not motor impulses.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE REV. JAMES GRAVES.

ONLY a few months before the death of Sir Samuel Ferguson, which was noticed in the ACADEMY of August 21, another distinguished Irishman passed away; and the year should not be permitted to close without a brief sketch of his life and labours appearing in these columns.

The Rev. James Graves, whose name was well known and honoured among antiquaries in France, Germany, and America, as well as in these islands, died somewhat suddenly in March last at his residence, Inesnag Glebe, near Stoneyford, in the county Kilkenny. The eldest

son of the Rev. Richard Graves, rector of Ballinmara and Coolcullen, in the same county, he was ordained about 1840, and appointed curate to the parish of Skeirke, in the diocese of Leighlin. Subsequently he became curate of St. Patrick's in the city of Kilkenny, where his rector was the late Dean Vignolles, of Ossory. Here Mr. Graves resided for several years, devoting all his spare hours after the fulfilment of his clerical duties to antiquarian pursuits, especially in connexion with the history of the Cathedral of St. Canice at Kilkenny. In conjunction with his relative, the late John Prim, M.R.I.A., he wrote a history of this ancient foundation, which is highly valued by Irish antiquaries, and by all interested in that primitive Irish church from whence—in the beautiful words of the prayer drawn up for use in our present Irish churches by Lord Plunket, Archbishop of Dublin, asking God to heal the wounds of a divided land—"the knowledge of God hath gone forth into many lands." The investigation of every written record or ancient ruined church and oratory of the Irish Missionary Saints of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries which remain on our fields and hill-sides was to the Rev. James Graves a veritable labour of love, while he was also an indefatigable explorer of the caves, raths, lises, and other antiquities of pre-Christian times in Ireland. About 1847 he established, under the patronage of the late Marquis of Ormond, the Kilkenny and South-East of Ireland Archaeological Society, having a museum in the town and a quarterly journal edited by himself. The title of the society was rather a misnomer; for the editor, aided by an able band of contributors, sought out objects of interest to the archaeologist and historian in every corner of the island, and noticed them with pen and pencil in the journal. The number of members rapidly increased until, in 1868, the society assumed the more appropriate title of the Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland, and the Prince of Wales accepted the office of patron. On December 29, 1869, the Queen was graciously pleased to comply with the request of the president and members that the association might be allowed to prefix the word "Royal" to the altered title, and fellows were elected. The motto which the Rev. James Graves selected for the title-page of the journal well illustrates the spirit of enlightened patriotism with which he continued to edit it for nearly forty years:

"If any there be which are desirous to be strangers in their own soil and forrainers in their own Citie they may so continue, and therein flatter themselves. For such like I have not written these lines nor taken these paines (Camden).

About 1863, he was appointed by the Bishop of Ossory to the small rectory of Inesnag. In the midst of his pastoral labours and his antiquarian and editorial work he found time for the study of geology, and for Bacon's "purest of human pleasures," gardening. His small fernery was very beautiful, and he had some skill as a bee master. In the quiet of his unpretending little country parsonage, he closed, all too soon for the literature of his country, his honoured and blameless life, on March 20, 1886. Preference and wealth never occupied his thoughts for an hour.

"Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour."

Only ten days before his death I received a letter from him, telling me he was sending to the engraver a beautiful photograph I had given him some months before of a very curious little ruined church of the fifth century, hitherto unnoticed, on the coast of Kerry. He was about to have it engraved to illustrate a paper of mine in the number of the journal for July

last. We had been correspondents and friend for nearly twelve years, although I had never seen him but once for three or four hours, when he, and several members of the association, held their annual meeting at Killarney in 1884, and visited the ruined Cathedral of St. Brendon at Ardfer and other interesting places in Kerry.

Protestant clergymen of his type, uniting the pure charity that "thinketh no evil" and the devout faith of the Christian to the enlightened intellect of the scholar and true patriot, standing aloof from party strife and petty cliques, political, literary, or social, are the "salt of the earth" in Ireland, and are more and more needful to her welfare every day. Happily, they have never been wanting in the darkest hours of her history. None are more ready to acknowledge this truth than liberal-minded Roman Catholic Irishmen, many of whom were among the Rev. James Graves's life-long friends and admirers. It is to be hoped that his friends of all creeds may join in the good work of placing a window or brass to his memory in the ancient Cathedral of St. Canice which he loved so well. M. H.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BAJOT, E. Histoire du grand lettré Louis Vian Te-Ian, poème populaire annamite: traduction libre en vers français. Paris: Challamel. 7 fr. 50 c.
- COURAJOD, L. L'imitation et la contrefaçon des objets d'art antiques au 15^e et 16^e siècle. Paris: Plon. 5 fr.
- GREYMULLER, Le Baron H. de. Les Du Cerceau: leur vie et leur œuvre, d'après de nouvelles recherches. Paris: Rouam. 50 fr.
- HARNACK, O. Goethe in der Epoche seiner Vollen- dung. (1805-1832). Versuch e. Darstellg. seiner Denkweise u. Weltbetrachtg. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 5 M.
- HAUSBUCH, mittelalterliche. Bilderhandschrift d. 15. Jahrh. m. vollst. Text u. facsimilirten Abbildg. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Keller. 36 M.
- JUNDT, A. L'Apocalypse mystique du moyen âge, et la Matelda de Dante. Paris: Fischbacher. 2 fr.
- KIRCHHOFF, Th. Californische Culturbilder. Kassel: Fischer. 6 M.
- LELORRAIN, Ch. De la politique française: nécessité pour elle d'une orientation définitive. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr. 50 c.
- LEMKKE, E. Volkethümliches in Ostpreussen. 2. Thl. Mohrungen. Harich. 4 M.
- MESTRE, J. Urnenfriedhöfe in Schleswig-Holstein. Hamburg: Meissner. 6 M.
- WILSLOCKI, H. v. Märchen u. Sagen der transilvanischen Zigeuner. Berlin: Nicolai. 2 M. 40 Pf.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- EGLI, E. Altchristliche Studien. Martyrien u. Martyrologien ältester Zeit. Zürich: Schulthess. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- PRESENSEK, E. de. L'ancien Monde et le Christianisme. Paris: Fischbacher. 7 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, ETC.

- GREGOROVICUS, F. Kleine Schriften zur Geschichte u. Cultur. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 5 M. 20 Pf.
- HUELSSEN, Ch. Das Septizonium d. Septimius Severus. Breslau: Treves. 3 M. 60 Pf.
- KRIEGS-CHRONIK Oesterreich-Ungarns. 2. Thl. Der südwestl. Kriegsschauplatz im Donauthale u. in den Alpenländern. Wien: Seidel. 4 M. 50 Pf.
- KRIEG, der deutsch-dänische, 1864. Hrg. vom Grossen Generalstabe, Abtheilung f. Kriegsgeschichte. 1. Bd. Berlin: Mittler. 22 M. 50 Pf.
- PETTENEGG, E. G. Graf von. Die Urkunden d. Deutsch-Ordens-Centralarchivs zu Wien. In Regestenform hrg. 1. Bd. (1170-1899). Leipzig: Freytag. 12 M.
- PUBLIKATIONEN der Gesellschaft f. rheinische Geschichtskunde. III. Das Buch Weinsberg. Kölner Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem 16. Jahrh. bearb. v. K. Hölbaum. 1. Bd. Leipzig: Dürr. 9 M.
- SCHMID, L. Die älteste Geschichte d. Gesamthauses der königl. u. f. Hohenzollern. 2. Thl. Von der Mitte d. 11. bis Schluss d. 12. Jahrh. Tübingen: Laupp. 7 M. 60 Pf.
- SEPP, B. Process gegen Maria Stuart zu Fotheringay 14/24. u. 15/25. Oktbr. 1583 u. in der Sternkammer zu Westminster 25. Oktbr. /4. Novbr. 1583. 5 M. Maria Stuart's Briefwechsel m. Anthony Babington. 2 M. München: Lindauer.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BECK, G. Flora v. Südostbosnien u. der angrenzenden Hercegovina. 1. Thl. Wien: Holder. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- BIBLIOTHECA zoologica. II. Bearb. v. O. Taschenberg. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Engelmann. 7 M.
- HANDWOERTERBUCH der Mineralogie, Geologie u. Paläontologie. Hrg. v. A. Kenngott. 3. Bd. Breslau: Treves. 18 M.
- SCHUBERT-SOLDERN, R. v. Grundlagen zu e. Ethik. Leipzig: Fues. 3 M. 60 Pf.

- VELZEN, H. Th. v. Ueb. die Geistesfreiheit vulgo Willensfreiheit. Leipzig: Fues. 1 M. 80 Pf.
- VOLZ, B. Geographische Charakterbilder. 3. Thl. Asien. Leipzig: Fues. 5 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- ANECDOTA varia graeca et latina ediderunt R. Schoell et G. Studemund. Vol. 2. Procli commentariorum in rempublicam Platonis partes ineditae. Ed. R. Schoell. Berlin: Weidmann. 10 M.
- GEORGE, G. Grundriss der romanischen Philologie. Unter Mitwirkg. v. 28 Fachgenossen hrg. 2. Lfg. Strassburg: Trübner. 4 M.
- KENNERLECHT, De Argonautarum fabula quae veterum scriptores tradiderint. Pars I-II. München: Lindauer. 80 Pf.
- KOLLS, A. Zur Lanvalsage. Berlin: Hettler. 3 M.
- MITTHILLINGEN aus der Sammlung der Papyrus Erzherzog Rainer. 1. Jahrg. 1. u. 2. Hft. Wien: Hof- u. Staatsdruckerei. 10 M. (per annum).
- PÄNINI'S Grammatik. Hrg. übers. erläutert etc. v. O. Bühtlingk. 6. Lfg. Leipzig: Haessel. 6 M.
- SUEHELLEKA. Brief d. Nagarjuna an König Udayana. Aus dem Tibet. übers. v. H. Wenzel. Leipzig: Voss. 1 M.
- WOLFFERMANN, O. Die Flexionslehre in Notkers alt-hochdeutscher Uebersetzung v. Boethius. Altenburg: Bode. 1 M. 20 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A LATIN SONNET, BY HUGH HOLLAND, ATTRIBUTED TO GROTIUS.

Manchester: Dec. 18, 1886.

I have been reading with much interest Mr. Samuel Waddington's *Sonnets of Europe*, a charming little book which forms the newest volume of the "Canterbury Poets." All lovers of the sonnet will thank him heartily for his labour and its pleasant result. No one will grumble at what has been included, though some may regret to see other favourites excluded.

One error it may be well to point out for correction in any future edition. The only Latin sonnet translated in Mr. Waddington's selection is ascribed to Hugo Grotius, and in a note he calls it "this unique Latin sonnet by Hugo Grotius." It can hardly be rightly styled unique, since Capel Lofft, in his *Laura*, prints two other Latin sonnets (app. ccxvii. and ccxii.), and it is not by Grotius at all.

Mr. Waddington's full account is as follows:

"This unique Latin sonnet by Hugo Grotius is printed at the beginning of Thomas Farnaby's edition of the *Tragedies of Seneca*, published at Leyden and London in 1624. The following is an exact copy of the original: 'L'iteratissimo, amicissimo, candidissimoque pectori, Thomae Farnabio, sonulum hendeca-syllabicum sacro.'

Vitae Scena magistra singularis,
Scenae vita Tragoedus; in tragoedis
Lux primae Seneca est suprema sedis;
Qua T V lux Senecae simul locaris.
Das Stellis supereminere claris,
Tanquam ardentibus undecunq; tedis,
Et mendis Tragici medere foedis;
Nostris unde nepotibus canaris.
Lugdunum 'eq; te modò Batavis,
Londinumve suis legat Britannis,
Urbum Aeternum utram tenere mavis:
Cunctis quin legitor locis & annis;
Nec linguis hominum ferre preavis,
Et cedat tibi temporum tyrannis."

HUGO HOLLANDIUS."

The signature, which Mr. Waddington has misinterpreted, is evidently, what it professes to be, that of Hugh Holland, one of the minor poets of the days of "Eliza and our James." He was a native of Denbigh, and educated at Westminster School, under Camden. He was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and is also thought to have been connected with Balliol College, Oxford. He travelled abroad, and was suspected of a partiality for the Church of Rome; and some hasty words about Queen Elizabeth brought him a reproof from the English Ambassador at Constantinople and also, it is said, some imprisonment. On his return home he did not gain the preferment he had expected, and "grumbled out the rest of his life in visible discontentment." "No bad

English, but a most excellent Latin poet," is the judgment of Thomas Fuller. Several of his works, including a life of his schoolmaster Camden, are mentioned as left in MS. Of his printed writings there are *Pancharis* (1603), *Monumenta Sepulchralia Sancti Pauli* (1614), *A Cypres Garland* (1625), *Ecclesia Sancti Pauli illustrata* (1633). His reputation as a scholar, and especially as a Latin versifier, apparently brought him requests for commendatory verses; and these he contributed to Alabaster's *Roxana*, Coryat's *Crudities*, Chapman's *Epicede*, Farnaby's *Canzonets*, and other works, including the first folio of Shakspeare, to which he prefixed an English sonnet.

Those who desire to pursue further the details as to Holland's life and writings may consult Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*; Fuller's *Worthies*; *British Bibliographer*, iii. 36, 168; Corser's *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica*, part viii., 281; Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum*; Hazlitt's *Popular Literature and Notes*; and Allibone's Dictionary. Holland died in 1633, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF UNIVERSITIES.

University of Edinburgh: Dec. 18, 1883.

The following sentence occurs in Mr. Bass Mullinger's notice of my book on mediaeval education and universities (*ACADEMY*, December 11):

"To say that the 'bachelor course... was a grammar school or trivium course,' implies either that grammar was studied in the regular course of studies in the university (which it was not), or that logic and rhetoric were commonly taught in mediaeval grammar schools, which they certainly were not, either."

As regards the teaching of grammar at the universities, I might content myself with simply pointing to the age of baccalaureating—about 17—to satisfy anyone that grammar must have been taught, and I might refer (as Mr. Mullinger himself does) to Thurot for Paris, and to the statute of 1267 for Oxford, &c.; but it is sufficient support to my view that Mr. Mullinger himself says (*History of Cambridge*, p. 350, foot note), "It seems to be equally clear that instruction in grammar always formed part of the artist's course."

As to the logic and rhetoric of mediaeval grammar schools, the question here resolves itself into this, What was a mediaeval "grammar school"? I think Mr. Mullinger will admit that the monastic schools for the *oblats*, and the leading canonical schools, taught both logic and rhetoric, though doubtless in a very restricted sense. I would ask Mr. Mullinger to look again at my chapter on the "inner work of monastery schools," and to the references given by Dr. Specht. These two subjects were certainly not commonly taught; but in estimating historically a past system of education, one has to take the ordinary schools and the best schools and strike an average. York, Canterbury, Paris, Fulda, St. Galle, &c., furnished quite as good an education to boys up to the age of sixteen or seventeen as the universities afterwards did in their baccalaureate course. Within the limits of this course it was the spirit of the teaching rather than either the subjects or methods that underwent a change.

Mr. Mullinger again objects to my account of the *trivium*, which places dialectic last in the order of the three studies; but, in the passage to which he refers (p. 219), I am not speaking of the order of studies, but of the subjects of study, just as one may speak of "reading, writing, and arithmetic" as primary school subjects, or of "writing, arithmetic, and reading."

As to the Benedictine origin of Salerno,

this is a *quaestio vexata*; and even Denifle, with all his learning and self-confidence, leaves it open. But I demur to the conclusion that the Saracenic massacre of 883 was the end of the Benedictine medical activity. The convent was restored; and between the time of its restoration and the teaching of Constantine the Carthaginian (probably 1060) there was, if we are to believe Ackermann, a succession of Benedictine medici, culminating in the Abbot Desiderius (Pope under the title of Victor III., 1085)—*medicinae peritissimus*. The monastery had translations of Galen and Hippocrates, and was not, I think, indebted to the Saracens, in the first instance, for its medical reputation. At the date at which "public" lectures were delivered—the date consequently of the university character of the Salernitan school—the Saracenic influence had, of course, been felt there as elsewhere; but the substantial addition to medical knowledge was, in my opinion, not directly due to an Arab or a Jew, but to Constantine, who had acquired in his travels all the knowledge of the East.

S. S. LAURIE.

Glasgow: Dec. 14, 1886.

The bulk of authority seems to support the correctness of Mr. Bass Mullinger's view (ACADEMY, December 11) of the non-ecclesiastical origin of the University of Salerno. Dr. Karl Schmidt makes a special point of this in his history, printing it in large type. Still, more emphatic is a more recent writer, Dr. Edward Winkelmann, Professor of History at Heidelberg; and the writer of the article "Medicine" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* takes the same view. The Saracenic origin of the university is clearly stated by Gibbon—from whom it is not usually safe to differ on such points—in the section of his fifty-second chapter which treats of the introduction of learning among the Arabians. Winkelmann only establishes the lay beginnings of the early universities, and says nothing about their Saracenic origin. He rather supposes with Darenberg (*Histoire des Sciences Médicales*) that learning in the lay schools had not completely died out in the Western Empire between the sixth and the tenth centuries. After the sixth century, as doubtless also before it, there were Latin translations of Hippocrates and Galen; and in Paris there are MSS. of the ninth century, containing versions, free enough no doubt, of these authors. From facts like these, Winkelmann and Darenberg would rather infer the continuous existence of a medical school at Salerno, than attribute its origin either to Arabs, Jews, Constantine, Lombard princes, Benedictines, or Charlemagne. Winkelmann, however, mentions a fact which may perhaps be taken as lending countenance to Mr. Bass Mullinger's view. Count Roger, or as he is sometimes styled "King" Roger, who expelled the Saracens from Sicily, when he resolved that none should be allowed to practice medicine in his dominions unless they first satisfied him of their fitness to do so, resolved also that the examination should not be conducted by the Salerno professors, but by officials appointed by himself. Possibly a desire to repress Saracenic influence may have led to this resolution of Count Roger. The Germans see in his action an early example of the Staatsprüfung, and of bringing the professors and the universities under the control of the state. I am not sure that much can be argued on either side—except, perhaps, that the *Schola Salernitana* was under lay, and not severe ecclesiastical, control—from the presence of Jews among the professors and students. The canon law forbade Jews to practice medicine at all; and yet we find a couple of Jewish physicians at the court of

Charlemagne, and some were even retained in the service of the popes.

When Mr. Bass Mullinger writes—

"One of the most noticeable facts in connexion with the rise of the earliest universities is that they appear to have had their origin either in a quite new study, or in some new development of an already recognised branch of learning"

—he says what is probably correct enough as a general statement; but I find that Frederick II., when he founded the University of Naples in 1224, wished to have in his dominions a "fountain of knowledge and a seminary of learning." "Disponimus," he further says, "apud Neapolino doceri artes cujuscunque professionis et vigere studia."

J. HUTCHISON.

SHAKSPERE'S ACCENTUATION OF PROPER NOUNS.

London: Dec. 16, 1886.

I have been expecting to see in the columns of the ACADEMY some notice of Mr. Benjamin Dawson's statement (ACADEMY, November 6, 1886) that he had "tested *Dunsinane* in 'Macbeth,' and found it invariably accented on the first and third syllables." This is certainly incorrect, as appears in the line "Great Byrnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill," where the accent is clearly on the penultimate. Thus the poet accents at different times everyone of the three syllables. Such facts, by the way, should make us wary in dogmatising about the current accent as shown by poetical usage. Both in proper nouns and in other words our old poets were not only apt to permit themselves a very large license in the matter of accent, but were absolutely indifferent on occasion to the claims of consistency. A remarkable example of this occurs to me at the moment in Spenser's lines:

"She turned her contrary to the sunne,
Thrise she her turn'd contrary and returned
All contrary: for she the right did shunne."
(F. Q. book iii., canto ii., stanza 51.)

Here we have "contrary" accented on the penultimate in the first line and also (unless we read "turned" as two syllables) in the second line; yet, in the very line that follows, the accent is clearly on the ante-penultimate.

MOY THOMAS.

FIRST DISCOVERY OF COFFEE.

London: Dec. 13, 1886.

Playfair, in his *History of Yemen* (Bombay, 1859), gives the names of many who have written in by-gone days on that country and on coffee. He mentions its first use at Aden by a judge of the place who had seen it drank at Zeyla', on the African coast opposite Aden. This judge is said to have died A.H. 875 (A.D. 1470). Probably, some of the writers mentioned by Playfair read or wrote by mistake that coffee was first used in A.D. 875; and, perhaps, the same writer, misunderstanding the Arabic expression as to Zeyla' being "on the non-Arabian coast," and thinking it meant Persia, first said that coffee was discovered in Persia, and thence introduced into Arabia. The Arabic expression is "Berru 'l-'Ajem" (from this last word our geographers have made their "Ajan" as the name of that part of Africa), the non-Arabian or barbarian main.

The new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and also a standard work on the "Economic Products of the Presidency of Bombay," published in 1862, have both, unfortunately, given currency, in their articles on coffee, to this false date, which all who possess those works will do well to correct, for their own satisfaction, as reprints of the *Encyclopaedia* will doubtless be put right in that respect.

There is an account in a Turkish work

written two centuries ago, and printed at Constantinople in A.D. 1732, that places the first use of coffee as a beverage in about the year A.D. 1250. The ripe fruit was found growing wild in the mountains of Yemen by a community of dervishes banished thither. They found the fruit relieve their hunger, and support them in their vigils. Their prior, Sheykh Umer, advised their stewing it, and its use became established. They dried a store of the fruit; and its use spread to other dervish communities, who perhaps sowed the seed wherever it would thrive throughout Africa and India. From Africa, two centuries later, its use was reimported to Arabia at Aden by the judge above-mentioned, who, in a season of scarcity of the dried fruit, tried the seed. Dervishes introduced the beverage at Mekka and Cairo; but, to this day, the people of Yemen use the dried pericarp only for their coffee, and export the seed to those who prefer it.

J. W. REDHOUSE.

THE MEANING OF THE HEBREW WORD "KIPÖD."

London: Nov. 22, 1886.

The word *kipöd*, or as some write it, *kipood*, is found only in Isaiah xiv. 23; xxxiv. 11; and Zeph. ii. 14. It has had many different meanings assigned to it. In our Authorised Version it is translated "bittern," and in the Revised Version, following the Septuagint, "porcupine." The Jewish Rabbis differ, as other writers, in their interpretation of the word. Rabbi Kimchi says that it is the name of a bird that dwelt in desolate places, but Rabbi Joseph says that its proper meaning is "tortoise," and Rabbi Salomon wavers between the meanings of "hedgehog" and "owl." Buxtorf asserts that it was a name of the Anataria, a kind of eagle that dwells in marshy places. The Arabic version of the word is *Al-houbara*, which is said by Shaw to be the name of a bird nearly as large as a capon.

This variety of opinion proves conclusively that the real meaning of the word had been lost. There is very little warrant for any of these interpretations. The meaning assigned to *kipöd* in the Revised Version is certainly wrong. The passage in Zephaniah where the word is found is thus translated:—"Both the pelican and the porcupine shall lodge in the chapters thereof; their voice shall sing in the windows." But the porcupine does not sing: he can only make a rustling noise with his quills. This translation is, however, supported by Gesenius, if *erinaceus* may be translated porcupine. It means properly a hedgehog. Gesenius is not quite trustworthy in his explanation of *kipöd*. He assumes that the root is *kafad*, and to this he gives the meaning of *contraxit* or *convoluit*. It means, however, "to cut off," or "bring to an end," as its Arabic representative, *kafada*, which Freytag translates by "fecit opus." The only ground for the meaning assigned to the word by Gesenius and in the Revised Version seems to be that it has some resemblance to the Arabic *kunfuz*, a hedgehog; but the resemblance is only slight, and the words differ entirely, both in origin and meaning.

All the evidence we have on the subject is in favour of the supposition that *kipöd* is not a proper Semitic word, but was imported from a foreign country. For (1) it is not found in the Pentateuch or the Psalms. It does not appear until Solomon had established commerce with India or some adjoining country, from which he brought apes, in Hebrew *kopim*, which must be connected with the Sanskrit *kapi* (ape), pronounced *kupi*. (2) There is no word corresponding to *kipöd* in any other Semitic language. In the Arabic version it is represented by a word so entirely different as to lead to the conviction that it was a stranger, at least in Arabia.

There was a tradition, expressed by Rabbi Kimchi and others, that it was the name of a bird; and if we may assume that it was a foreign word, brought in, as *koup*, from India, I would connect it with the Sanskrit *kapōta*, the name of a kind of pigeon that has always been a bird of ill-omen. The change of the vowel in the first syllable is quite regular. As from a root *mal*, to grind (Gothic *malan*) we have the German *Mühle* and our English *mill*, so from *kapōta* (in Hindustani, *kapōt*) there would be a regular mutation to *kīpōd*. The bird is in India a sign of solitude and desolation. In Sanskrit literature it is joined with the owl as an inhabitant of ruined dwellings. In the *Rig Veda* the *kapōta* is called "the messenger of desolation." The gods are entreated to save their worshippers from its evil influence.

"O ye gods! may the *kapōta* that has come be propitious to us! May he be in our houses an inoffensive bird! When the owl utters his useless cry and the *kapōta* makes his track in Agni [enters the smoke of the sacrificial fire] let adoration [lit. bending] be given to Yama, the god of death, whose messenger he is."—(*Rig Veda*, 10.165, 1.2.4.)

In this passage the owl is associated with the *kapōta*, as it is with the *kīpōd* in Isaiah xxxiv. 11, as a sign of desolation. The *kapōta* has an evil name in India because it is found in solitary places, and also because it feeds on the figs of the sacred fig-tree, the *figus religiosa* or *as'waththa* of the Hindūs. It is the neck-spotted pigeon, rather larger than the pigeon of this country, and nearly as large as a capon—the same size, in fact, as that which Arabic tradition attributed to the *kīpōd*.

JOHN DAVIES.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY, Dec. 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemistry of Light and Photography," I., by Prof. Dewar.

5 p.m. London Institution: "War and Ballooning," by Mr. Eric S. Bruce.

THURSDAY, Dec. 29, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemistry of Light and Photography," II., by Prof. Dewar.

7 p.m. London Institution: "Old-Fashioned English Music," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

SATURDAY, Jan. 1, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemistry of Light and Photography," III., by Prof. Dewar.

SCIENCE.

AN ETHNOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA.

THE following letter on the ethnology of India, addressed by Prof. Max Müller to Mr. H. H. Risley, who has been appointed to conduct a series of ethnological enquiries in Bengal, has been published by the Government of India:

"Oxford: July 20, 1886.

"I have read with real interest and pleasure the papers referring to an Ethnological Survey of India which you have done me the honour to send to me. Both from a practical and scientific point of view, the inquiries which, with the sanction of the Government, you have set on foot, will, I have no doubt, be productive of most valuable results. They will enable the statesman to understand more thoroughly many of the traditional beliefs, local customs, and deep-rooted prejudices of those whom he has to influence and to control—nay, they may possibly help the native inhabitants of India themselves to gain a truer insight into the meaning of some of their apparently irrational customs and a more correct appreciation of the original purport of their religious faiths and superstitions.

"But, apart from the practical utility of such a survey as is contemplated by you and your colleagues, its value to the scholar and the student of ethnology can hardly be over-estimated. India, with the immense variety of its inhabitants, representing almost every stage from the lowest to the highest in the progress of civilisation, is the most promising country for a scientific study of the development of the human race. Ethnology,

though a science of very ancient date, has of late attracted very general attention, and has extended its influence over many important branches of philosophy. The words of Charron, repeated by Pope, 'La vraie science et le vrai étude de l'homme c'est l'homme,' seem at last to have come true; and there is hardly a problem connected with the origin of man and the faculties of the human mind which has not been illuminated of late by fitful rays proceeding from the science of ethnology.

"But, as you truly observe, 'many of the ethnological speculations of recent years have been based far too exclusively upon comparatively unverified accounts of the customs of savages of the lowest type'; and, as an inevitable result, the whole science of ethnology has lost much of the prestige which it formerly commanded. It has almost ceased to be a true science in the sense in which it was conceived by Prichard, Humboldt, Waitz, and others, and threatens to become a mere collection of amusing anecdotes and moral paradoxes. It is a science in which the mere amateur can be, no doubt, of great use, but which requires for its successful cultivation the wide knowledge of the student of physical science and the critical accuracy of the scholar.

"The questions which you have drawn up, and the leading principles which you recommend for the guidance of your *collaborateurs*, seem to me excellent. If you could consult the Annual Reports of the American Bureau of Ethnology, and more particularly the excellent papers of its Director, Mr. J. W. Powell, you would find them, *mutatis mutandis*, very useful for your own purposes.

"If I may point out some dangers which seem to me to threaten the safe progress of ethnological inquiry in India and everywhere else, they are the same to which you yourself have called attention. Foremost among them I should mention the vagueness of the ordinary ethnological terminology, which has led to much confusion of thought, and ought to be remedied *ferro et igne*. You are fully aware of the mischief that is produced by employing the terminology of comparative philology in an ethnological sense. I have uttered the same warning again and again. In my *Letter to the Chevalier Bunsen on the Turanian Languages*, published as far back as 1853, I devoted a whole chapter to pointing out the necessity of keeping these two lines of research—the philological and ethnological—completely separate, at least for the present. In my later works, too, I have protested as strongly as I could against the unholy alliance of these two sciences—comparative philology and ethnology. But my warnings have been of little effect; and, such is the influence of evil communications, that I myself cannot plead altogether not guilty as to having used linguistic terms in an ethnological sense. Still it is an evil that ought to be resisted with all our might. Ethnologists persist in writing of *Aryans*, *Semites*, and *Turanians*, *Ugrians*, *Dravidians*, *Kolarians*, *Bantu* races, &c., forgetting that these terms have nothing to do with blood, or bones, or hair, or facial angles, but simply and solely with language. Aryans are those who speak Aryan languages, whatever their colour, whatever their blood. In calling them Aryans we predicate nothing of them except that the grammar of their language is Aryan. The classification of Aryans and Semites is based on linguistic grounds, and on nothing else; and it is only because languages must be spoken by somebody that we may allow ourselves to speak of language as synonymous with peoples.

"In India we have, first of all, the two principal ingredients of the population—the dark aboriginal inhabitants and their more fair-skinned conquerors. Besides these two, there have been enormous floods of neighbouring races—Scythians from the North-West, Mongolians from the North-East, overwhelming from time to time large tracts of Northern India. There have, besides, been inroads of Persians, Greeks, Romans, Mohammedans of every description, Afghans, and last, but not least, Europeans—all mingling, more or less freely, with the original inhabitants, and among themselves. Here, therefore, the ethnologist has a splendid opportunity of discovering some tests by which, even after a neighbourly intercourse lasting for thousands of years, the descendants of one race may be told from the descendants of the others.

"We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by Sacred Law-books. The very fact of their forbidding intermarriages between different races shows that human nature was too strong for them. Intermarriages, whether forbidden or sanctioned by the law, took place, and we know that the consequence of one single intermarriage might tell in a few generations on thousands of people. Here, then, there is a promising field for the ethnologist, if only he will shut his ears to the evidence of language. As the philologist classifies his languages without asking a single question by whom they were spoken, let the ethnologist classify his skulls without inquiring what language had its *habitat* in them. After each has finished his classification, it will be time for the ethnologist and the linguist to compare their results, but not till then; otherwise we shall never arrive at truly scientific conclusions.

"To give one instance. When Mr. Hodgson had published his valuable vocabularies of the non-Sanskritic dialects spoken in India, he, like Lassen, seems to have been so convinced that the people who spoke them in the interior of India must have been either the aboriginal races, or their fair-skinned Brahmanic conquerors, that, in spite of most characteristic differences, he referred that whole cluster of dialects which we now call *Munda* or *Kolarian* to the Dravidian family of speech. Trusting simply to the guidance of language, and without paying the slightest regard to the strangely conflicting accounts as to the physical characteristics of these Munda tribes, I pointed out in 1853 that these dialects differed as much from the Dravidian as from the Sanskrit type, and that they must be admitted as a separate family of speech on the soil of India. Everybody has accepted my discovery; but unfortunately very soon the term *Munda* or *Kolarian*, which was intended as a linguistic term only, was used ethnologically, and we now constantly read of a Kolarian race, as if we knew anything to prove that the people who speak Kolarian languages share all the same unmixed blood.

"If you were to issue an interdict against any of your *collaborateurs* using linguistic terms in an ethnological sense, I believe that your 'Ethnological Survey of India' would inaugurate a new and most important era both in the science of language and in the science of man.

"And while I am speaking of the confusion of terms with regard to language and race, may I point out a similar danger which seems to me to threaten your researches into the origin of castes and tribes in India. On this point also you have to a certain extent anticipated my apprehensions; and I need not fear that you will misapprehend my remarks, though they can only be very short and imperfect.

"Caste is a European word, but it has become so completely naturalised in India that the vagueness of its meaning seems to have reacted even on the native mind. The Sanskrit word for caste is *Varna*, literally 'colour,' or *Gāti*, literally 'kith.' But though the original meaning of these words is clear, it is well known how much their meaning has varied during different periods in the history of Indian society. As to colour, there are now true Brahmans in the south of India as black as Pariahs; as to kith and kin, whatever the orthodox doctrine may be, the Brahmans themselves are honest enough to confess that even in the earliest times Kshatriyas became Brahmans, such as Visvāmitra; nay more, outsiders, such as the carpenters under Bribu, were admitted to the Brahmanic community and endowed with Brahmanic gods, the *Ribhus* (see *Chips from a German Workshop*, ii. page 131, and my article on 'Caste,' *ibid.* pp. 301-359). What took place during the Vedic period, is taking place, as Sir Alfred Lyall has so well shown, at the present day; only we must take care not to ascribe to the proselytising spirit of the Brahmans what is simply the result of the religious and social flunkeyism of the lower races of India.

"Caste ought to be carefully distinguished from school, *Karava*, and from race and family, *Gotra* and *Kula*. This subject is beset with many difficulties, and I do not myself profess to see quite clearly on the many intricate questions connected with it. With regard to the early history of the races and families there is a rich literature in Sanskrit; and it would be very desirable if you could secure the

assistance of a really learned pundit to give you a clear and full account of what can be known from these sources. Some of them are of very ancient date. Thus you will find in the Vedic Grihyasūtras a list of Brahmanic Gotras (see my *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, pages 379-388), and, strange to say, you will see that the interdiction against marriages between members of the same Gotra is by no means so universal as it is supposed to be. Even if some of the statements set forth in these Brahmanic treatises may seem to represent *pia vota* rather than real facts, we must not forget that such theories have often very powerfully influenced the later development of social life in India. I have no doubt that with proper precautions you might derive most valuable help from educated natives, who know the meaning of the terms taken from their own language, and how far they really correspond with the terms which we use in English.

"It seems to me a dangerous habit to transfer terms which have their proper and well-defined meaning in one country to similar objects in other countries. It is, of course, very tempting when we see in India—nay, almost in every country in the world—two or more vertical stones with another on the top of them, to greet them as cromlechs. But a cromlech is a stone monument erected by Celtic people, and to speak of cromlechs in India is apt to be misleading. It is far better to describe each class of rude stone-monuments by itself, and, if possible, to call them by their own local names. In that way their individual features will not be overlooked; and this is of great importance—nay, often of greater importance than to perceive the general similarity of such stone monuments in the most distant quarters of our globe.

"I am even afraid of such words as *totemism*, *fetichism*, and several other *isms* which have found their way into ethnological science. They are very convenient and commodious terms, and, if used with proper care, quite unobjectionable. But they often interfere with accurate observation and distinction. A *fetich*, from meaning originally something very definite in the worship of the Negroes on the west coast of Africa, has become a general name of almost any inanimate object of religious worship. The Palladium, the Cross, the black stone of Kaaba, have all been called *fetiches* as much as the tail of a dog, worshipped on the Congo, as if we could arrive at any sound conclusions by throwing together, regardless of their antecedents, objects of worship belonging, it is supposed, to the earliest and to the latest phases of religious belief.

"Again, if there is anything like *totemism* in India, let us have a full and detailed description of each individual form of it, instead of hiding all that might be really enlightening under the large bushel of *totemism*. Almost anything that outwardly distinguishes one race from another is now called *totem*. But what seems to be the same, and even what answers the same purpose, is by no means always the same in its origin. Think only of the different *nāgas* or snakes in India. People are called *nāgas*, or worship *nāgas*, they use emblems of *nāgas*, and we may readily believe that they abstain from eating *nāgas* or snakes. Is the *nāga* or serpent therefore to be simply classed as a *totem*? There are *fagots et fagots*, and any one who has lived in India knows that there, as elsewhere, nothing has such various antecedents, and nothing serves such different purposes as *nāga*, the serpent.

"I have written down these few remarks, not with a view of offering you advice in the prosecution of your ethnological enquiries in Bengal, but in order to show to you how entirely I agree with the spirit in which you have hitherto conducted your 'Ethnological Survey of India,' and I hope will continue it and bring it to a successful issue."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE GUIDE OF THE PERPLEXED OF
MAIMONIDES."

Jews' College: Dec. 16, 1886.

Mr. Collins (in the ACADEMY of December 4, p. 382) seems to misconstrue the words "translated from the original" on the title-page of *The Guide*. These words simply mean that the

English translation was made from the Arabic original, and not from the Hebrew, Latin, German, or French versions. The Arabic text edited by Munk being the only one published, it was unnecessary to add "according to the Arabic text edited by Munk." There was no intention to conceal this fact or the use made by me of the various readings supplied by Munk or inferred from the Hebrew version of Ibn Tibbon. The source of my information is regularly mentioned; and, if in a few cases the names of Munk or Ibn Tibbon have inadvertently been omitted, *sh'giyth mi yabhin* (Ps. xix. 12). My indebtedness to Munk has found due expression, vol. iii. (pref., p. ix.).

M. FRIEDLÄNDER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

WE understand that Mr. S. H. Vines intends to entirely recast and almost rewrite his edition of Prof. Prantl's *Elementary Text-Book of Botany*, and that the new work may be expected from Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. in the course of next year. In the meantime, the publishers are re-issuing the existing book without alteration.

PROF. DEWAR's course of six lectures at the Royal Institute, on "The Chemistry of Light and Photography" (adapted to a juvenile auditory), which begins on Tuesday next, December 28, will be very fully illustrated. Arrangements have been made for the introduction of a powerful beam of electric light, equal in intensity to a sunbeam, into the theatre for photographic experiments. Many improvements have been made in the warming, lighting, and ventilation of the theatre during the autumn recess.

THE Council of the Essex Field Club has determined in future to issue the *Transactions and Proceedings* combined in the form of a monthly periodical entitled the *Essex Naturalist*. It will contain papers read before the club, reports of meetings, and, as space allows, notes and communications upon any matters of interest connected with the natural history, botany, geology, and prehistoric archaeology of Essex. The first number will appear in January, and will be conducted by Mr. W. Cole, who has edited the publications of the Club since its establishment seven years ago.

MR. G. H. KINAHAN, of the Geological Survey of Ireland, has reprinted from the *Scientific Proceedings* of the Royal Dublin Society his paper on "Irish Metal Mining." This essay, which forms a small volume, should be especially serviceable at a time when attention is being directed to the development of the mineral resources of Ireland. It contains lists of all Irish localities where ores are known to occur, the lists being arranged under the headings of the several metals. The author also gives in concise form the mining history of each county. Although the work is nominally devoted to "Metal Mining," it includes much information on other useful minerals, such as coal and salt, thus forming a complete guide to the mineral wealth of the country.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE are asked to announce that, in as short a time as the nature of the work will allow, there will appear sheets, containing corrigenda and addenda, with reference to the catalogue of the Hebrew MSS. in the Bodleian Library, lately published by the Clarendon Press. The sheets will be of the same size paper and type as the catalogue itself. They are being prepared by Dr. S. M. Schiller-Szinessy, of Cambridge.

DR. GINSBURG will be glad to find that his

editions of the Massorah and of the Salkinson Hebrew New Testament are better appreciated in political newspapers than in special literary journals. While his New Testament has been badly handled in the *Expositor* by Dr. Driver, in the *Church Times* by Dr. Wright of Dublin, in the *Guardian* by A. N., and in Germany by Prof. Kautzsch and an anonymous writer, and his Massorah has been severely criticised in the *Guardian*, the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna for December 2 has an article in which both works are proclaimed as events of the day. Of the Massorah the writer says:

"It was only in the years 1470 to 1538 that Ben Chayim saved the Massorah from perishing by publishing a part [?] of it in the famous Bomberg-bibel. Elijah Levitas also (1468 to 1549) contributed much to the work. But down to our time no scholar dared to finish these beginnings till Dr. Ginsburg consecrated the best years of his life to this task by examining hundreds [sic] of MSS. in Europe and Asia [sic], collecting out of them and, finally, copying them. The result of this painful labour gave the first complete Massorah in four [we know only of three] huge folio volumes, printed on the best paper and with the best type."

Well, we shall see what Dr. Baer, the greatest living Massoretic scholar, will tell us in his forthcoming article in the *Zeitschrift* of the Deutschmorgenländischen Gesellschaft about this "first complete Massorah." That the writer in the *Neue Freie Presse* knows nothing about the edition of the Massorah by the late Dr. Frensdorff is not surprising, when we find how ignorant he must be on the subject in saying that the vowel-points were introduced in 300 B.C. Every Hebrew student knows that there is no question about the vowel-points before A.D. 600, or even later. Further on it is said that

"the Trinitarian Society has charged Dr. Ginsburg with bringing out Salkinson's much admired Hebrew translation of the New Testament. Two months after its appearance the edition of 2,000 copies was sold out [probably to young students, in order to exercise themselves in correcting bad pointing and irregular grammatical forms], and a new edition was soon required." But, as Salkinson, one of the best Hebrew scholars, left many passages for later consideration, Dr. Ginsburg, in spite of the reverence he felt for the work of his predecessor, took upon himself to make the incomparable translation very bright [spiegelblank]. Two specialists gave their profound advice for each sheet; and many a word, nay, many a vowel point, provoked long discussion before unanimity could be established."

We should have thought that the punctuation of Hebrew was well established, and admitted of no discussion whatever. It is possible that at Vienna it is otherwise; for the first edition of the Hebrew New Testament had in most cases vowel-points quite different from those we should use in this country. Let us hope, for the sake of the memory of Salkinson, who was indeed a very ingenious translator of poetical books which bear adaptation (not so for a prose text like the New Testament, which ought to be translated as literally as possible), that the second edition of his posthumous work will not put to shame his memory as the first edition has done, since the punctuation of the greater part of the translation was attributed to him by Dr. Ginsburg.

PROF. DE LAGARDE, of Göttingen, has a new speciality in criticism. In his recent monograph with the title of *Erinnerungen an Fr. Rückert* he calls the late Zunz a first-class idiot, a forger, and a liar; and Judah Halevi's poems are in his eyes dirt. These are certainly not very courteous terms from a professor, even if excused by anti-Semitic prejudice. But how can the learned professor judge Zunz and Judah Halevi with his very scanty knowledge of Rabbinical literature?

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday,
Nov. 27.)

JOHN TAYLOR, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mrs. C. I. Spencer read a paper on "'Peele's 'King David.'" Peele has distorted but little the facts which he has introduced into his play; but he has failed to grasp the characters fully, and, by his disregard of the lapse of time, has not only confused the incidents, but has made the conduct of the actors in them unnatural and inconsistent, if not incomprehensible. The opening soliloquies of Bethsabe and David do not fulfil the promise of the lofty tone of the prologue. They are pitched in a very earthly, not to say feeble, key. He adds details of the contest with the Ammonites which would fall in with the contemporary taste for fighting on the stage. Hanon's first speech is powerful. Many instances were quoted to show Peele's mistakes in time. The information of the sin of Amnon was not carried by Absalom to David, in whose speech on the occasion the few lines beginning "Sin with his sevenfold crown" are very fine. It looks like a mere blunder to make Amnon give the feast at which he is killed. The announcement of the death of Urias, one of the most graphic touches in the whole story, is strangely omitted in the play, and only mentioned feebly by the Chorus. The lovely story of David's silent grief and self mortification at the time of the illness and death of the child is vulgarised by Peele, who makes the king utter a fantastic lament, and yet rejoice directly the child is dead, with the strange idea that expiation has been made for his sin and the shame of it wiped away. This, and other instances, show that the passages of profoundest pathos are just those in which Peele fails utterly. Peele is not the only person who takes it for granted that Absalom was caught in the tree by his hair; but this is not certain from the words of Scripture. The long interview between David, Bethsabe, Solomon and others, is not necessary to the development of the story, and must have been rather dull on the stage, though parts of it read well. The contrast between the Bible scene of David's grief for Absalom and Peele's presentation of it is just the contrast between real grief and its counterfeit. Cool regret may turn neat sentences, but hot anguish can only moan. Some of the lines in the play are very beautiful; but it is a pity that the writer omitted many striking incidents, added unnecessary details, and deviated from the course of the story with distinct loss to the dramatic structure.—A paper on "Achitophel," by Miss Louisa Mary Davies, was also read. Left to Peele alone for a grasp of the character we should find ourselves sinking into a perfect bog of insoluble enigmas. We are, therefore, bound to call to our aid the few passages in the Bible about him, and couple with them a little Jewish tradition. He was the "familiar friend" of David. Peele gives him the words of Scripture which describe his counsel as "the oracles of God." And yet, at the zenith of his power, he turns his back on the king, casts old faith, old memories, old love, to the four winds of heaven, and goes with the rest of the traitor-crew to meet the rising sun. This anomaly is explained when we find that he was the grandfather of Bethsabe, and that revenge on David was the motive which actuated him. The foresight which saw that the rejection of his counsel to Absalom would result in the discomfiture of both of them, led him to commit suicide, rather than run the risk of being confronted by the triumphant David. Having spoiled this world for himself, he hurries off to try his fortunes in the next. The last words which Peele puts into his mouth are somewhat laboured in sentiment, but the versification is musical and even. Throughout the whole drama, force seems to have been sacrificed to sweetness. But yet, with all this monotony of sweetness, the various characters are cut out in a sufficiently delicate relief.—Mr. John Taylor read a note on "Peele's Metaphors," saying that Peele, in his figurative comparisons, aimed at the audacity of Aeschylean metaphor, which itself appears to have been derived from the extravagant or peculiar character of Oriental fancy. It would be idle to compare the imagery of "King David" with the imagery of Shakspeare. The greater poet has written no Oriental drama by which to make comparison,

and Peele's chief work luxuriates in Oriental modes of speech. "King David" differs from the old mystery-plays, in that the treatment is throughout sedate and even serious. It is simply a calm and reverent paraphrase of Scriptural story, humour being as absent as in the book of Samuel itself. The finest figurative passage in the drama is perhaps the reply of Solomon to his father when advised as to the attainment of wisdom. Though there is no merry jesting in "King David" the author of the play was capable in more than verbal expression of jokes, as among various discreditable trickeries recorded of him there is one that he played upon the credulous mayor and burghers of Bristol.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths presented a report upon the rare words of "King David." The following are not used by Shakspeare:—*dis-coloured* for *divres-coloured*; *weasel* = *weasand* or *windpipe*; *will*, except twice in proverbial phrases and in the doubtful "Passionate Pilgrim" and "Pericles" chorus; *shalm* = *shawm*. P. B. equivalent of cornet in A. V. and R. V.; to *shend* = to defend, a sense given by Nares in two quotations; *gite*, literally, a grand dress, metaphorically, gorgeousness; *sparkle*, as a noun; *fruition*, except once in 1 Henry VI.; *unwears*, except once in 3 Henry VI.; *organon*; *bedare*. Referring to the points mentioned by Miss Phipson, Mr. Herford, and Mr. Mills in connexion with "Lochrine" (see ACADEMY, February 6, 1886), Mr. Griffiths thought there was sufficient evidence of these characteristics in "King David" to lend confirmation to the theory that "Lochrine" was written by Peele.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY (CAMBRIDGE BRANCH).—
(Friday, Dec. 3.)

PROF. J. R. SEELEY in the chair.—Mr. G. W. Prothero read a note on two petitions of the Houses of Parliament to Queen Elizabeth, which D'Ewes, following Camden and followed by Mr. Froude, refers to the years 1563 and 1566, but which Mr. Prothero believed to be both of the year 1563. This he showed both by the similarity in the two petitions and the answers returned to them, and by external evidence.—Mr. A. R. Ropes then read a paper on "Early Explorers of America," dealing with the results of late research about Columbus, the Cabots, Amerigo Vespucci, and the supposed Strait of Anian. The paper was based chiefly on the *History of America*, edited by Mr. Justin Winsor, and Mr. H. H. Bancroft's *History of the Pacific States*.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, Dec. 10)

THE REV. W. A. HARRISON in the chair.—A paper on "Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of Holy Scripture" was read by Mr. Stanley Cooper, who regarded all religious expressions in the plays as personal and not dramatic. He dealt (1) with allusions to Bible personages, (2) with the extent to which Shakspeare derived his religious principles from the Bible, and (3) the extent to which he was indebted to the Bible for his poetry.—The Chairman thought that Bishop Wordsworth had erred in seeking to prove that Shakspeare's religious utterances had a didactic purpose—that he taught divinity; but it was possible to err as much in the other direction. He noticed that the allusions to Biblical persons consisted chiefly of Herod, Judas, Nebuchadnezzar and other familiar characters of the Mysteries and Miracle Plays. The Psalter, too, then daily read, supplied many allusions. Quotations in the historical plays might often be found in their originals—Holiness, &c. But after making all allowances, one found the whole of his text interwoven with Scripture, not to be separated from it. A good instance of his familiarity with the Bible was found in "All's Well," II., i., 141-4:

"So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
Where judges have been babes; great floods
have flown

From simple sources, and great seas have dried
When miracles have by the greatest been
denied."

Where in four lines we have allusions to as many events in Scripture, brought in, too, quite easily and naturally. Of course, the Bible was then the one great classic.—Dr. Farnivall said that Mr. Cooper started by assuming the question at

issue. Before approaching this subject, one must know what is dramatic and what is non-dramatic in Shakspeare; and Mr. Cooper supplied no canon by which we could tell this.—Mr. P. Z. Round thought that many of the instances given might be fairly classed as household words and familiar phrases.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday,
Dec. 10.)

MR. GEORGE THOM, president, in the chair.—Mr. R. E. Allardice read a paper on the equiangular and the equilateral polygon; and Mr. J. S. Mackay communicated a solution and discussion by M. Paul Aubert of a geometrical problem.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Every one about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS
IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE new blood of the society is of much value in this winter exhibition, from which many of its oldest and best members are absent. Mr. C. B. Phillip may prove to it a tower of strength. His bold drawings of "Glen Sligachan, Skye" (102), and "The Glyders, North Wales (104), are certainly strong, faithful in local colour, and impressive in their spirit of desolation; and Mr. Charles Robertson, whose work has been usually small hitherto, has shown his power to produce a large and complex composition admirable in workmanship and of high quality in colour and illumination. He has joined the Oriental wanderers; and his "Al-Nashshar's Dream," while bearing traces of successful local study, is the scene of a little drama which betrays possession of skill in grouping and humorous delineation. The figure of "Al-Nashshar," (as we suppose we must spell our old friend in future) is especially well conceived, and the *débris* of his brittle basketful is drawn and painted in a manner at once subtle and brilliant. On the whole, this is the most notable and encouraging drawing in an exhibition which, for the most part, has too much of the slight and well-known to arouse more than a pleasant recognition of old favourites. For any exceptionally fine drawing by any of the most famous members we must wait till the spring exhibition, when we may hope once more to see Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Boyce, Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. Alma Tadema, and other distinguished absentees in full force again. Of Mr. Albert Goodwin we have, indeed, several works, and two—"A Sunset" (22) and "Lucerne and the Righi" (57)—of some finish and importance. But both of them are mannered, especially in colour; and it is to be feared that this mannerism of colour is becoming a confirmed habit of unreality, and that the artist is beginning to persuade himself that so long as he gets his curious harmonies of red and brown he has done all that is necessary to make a fine drawing. In his sketches like that of the "Certosa near Florence" and the "Fonte Branda at Siena," this caprice is of less consequence; but it rouses suspicion after a time to find that wherever the artist may be he finds the colouring the same. Very dainty and delightful notwithstanding are many of these slight refined studies. Miss Clara Montalba is another artist who gets no further, but seems contented with broad impressions of light and colour, guided by a true sense of the picturesque. Her work has always a certain fascination, but it is very arbitrary and imperfect. There is some novelty of tint and tone in her sketches about Cannes; but, on the whole, we prefer her views of Holland to her views of more southern climes,

and would choose "An Autumn Day—Zaandam" (127) as the most desirable of her sketches here. Mr. Herbert Marshall aims more at reality; and his drawing of "Winchester" (108), and his views in Holland, are no doubt not only clever, but faithful. We wish, however, that he would curb his passion for chimney smoke. Of the pure landscape painters, it is perhaps Mr. Eyre Walker and Mr. Matthew Hale that have done themselves most justice. They both send many works of charming sentiment, of which the "Latten Mill, Essex—February Sunshine," (40) by the former, and "Over the Brae," by the latter, are perhaps the most successful. Two very delicate examples of the exquisite handicraft of Mr. J. W. North are also here; but why should he give one of them (15) such an extremely awkward title as "The Bat begins, with giddy Wing—Barley field over the Hedge"? It was a curious way for the bat to begin. It is possible that there may be some other pure landscape drawings here which are of unusual quality; but, except the pleasure of Mr. Arthur Glennie's sunny colour, and the excruciating effect of that of Mr. Holman Hunt, we remember no emotion stronger than the equable delight caused by a generally high level of accomplished work. No words are needed to bring before the reader the works of such painters as Richardson, Naffet, Callow, Birket Foster, and S. P. Jackson. In the allied branch of landscape with figures there are many pleasant drawings. Mr. Tom Lloyd is a deservedly popular artist in this kind, and this year he seems to have a finer touch of sentiment than usual. Mr. C. Gregory is, on the other hand, more heavy, and not so interesting. Mr. Arthur Hopkins and Mr. R. Barnes have each one nice drawing. But in figures, with or without landscape, the exhibition is not strong; and the contributions of Messrs. Henshall, Glindoni, Marks, Brewntnall, Smallfield, and the other painters of incident, do not exceed the expected average. Mr. H. Wallis has a fine drawing of an "Eastern Courtyard" (56); and Mr. Shields sends one more of his cartoons for the chapel at Eaton Hall.

MR. SUTTON PALMER'S DRAWINGS.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S little gallery in Bond Street has seldom looked more cheerful than at the present time. It is not often that artists look upon English scenery, especially that of the tearful hills that surround the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, with such persistently cheerful eyes as Mr. Sutton Palmer. The silver morning and the golden afternoon on clear bright days, when the blue sky seems bluer for its white flecking clouds, delight him more even than the richness and the melancholy of eve; far more than the gathering storm or the quiet grey of a "dull day." It is pleasant to see work of such a cheerful spirit, especially when executed by such a skilful hand. In his earlier drawings Mr. Sutton Palmer showed much dexterity and a pleasure in finish which is growing old-fashioned. We are glad to see that his last two years' labour evinces a decided progress in those qualities for which his work was always noticeable, so that now he has few rivals in the power to paint what he sees; and he sees a great deal that is delightful: the contour of hills fold on fold behind thin veils of mist, the intricate beauty of grass and flower, the grace of the birch and the sheen of its leaves, the moist green of moss-covered boulder, the light on virgin water—in a word, nearly all the fairy charms of nature at its blithest. He has also cleared himself from that imitative tendency which always must mark the early labour of an artist, however original, and his latest drawings are distinctly "Sutton Palmers." The lovely scenery of Ullswater, Borrowdale, Windermere, and Am-

bleside has been seen by the eyes of many artists, but never quite as Mr. Sutton Palmer has seen it; and his version of it, if not the grandest or most noble, has the desirable qualities of sincerity and freshness. Mr. Ruskin's epithet of "ethereal" is not misapplied to such pure-spirited and joyful work, although we cannot say that we share Mr. Ruskin's desire for cottages and inns. It is the charm of solitude which the artist delights in, and which he gives. He does not even obtrude his own personality, but supplies us with quiet places in which to enjoy ourselves, far from thoughts of every personality, including his own. He shows us, as few can show us, the starry heads of hemlocks (6), the cool gleam of the waterfall (8), the sweetness of pale sunshine (9), the rich web of reflections (11), the fairyland of the riverside (16), the fastidious grace of birch and fern, "lakes, islands, promontories, gleaming bays, a universe of Nature's fairest forms" (23), and leaves us alone with them. We have now gone just a quarter round the room, but the rest of the drawings are as full of variety and beauty. Nevertheless, Mr. Sutton Palmer must do better, or let us rather say must do more, if he wishes to rise to the front rank of landscape painters. He already possesses subtlety of sight, dexterity of hand, and a rare feeling for the more delicate graces of nature; but he needs power, especially in colour. His drawings at a little distance want warmth and substance. Though he can hit with sureness the hues of each object by itself, he has not yet attained to that grasp of nature's harmony which is necessary to reveal her greater glory. He can match the skeins, but he has yet much to learn in the weaving of them.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

THE fourth Annual General Meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund was held on Wednesday, December 8, in the theatre of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, Prof. C. T. Newton, C.B., Vice-President of the Fund, in the Chair. There were also present Miss Amelia B. Edwards, LL.D., Hon. Secretary; Hellier Gosselin, Esq., Secretary; Major-General Sir Charles Wilson, K.C.B.; Sir John Fowler, K.C.M.G.; the Right Hon. Sir W. H. Gregory, K.C.M.G.; E. A. Bond, Esq., C.B.; Mr. Le Page Renouf, Keeper of the Oriental Department, British Museum; Mr. A. S. Murray, Keeper of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum; Mr. R. S. Poole, LL.D., Keeper of the Department of Coins and Medals, British Museum; Prof. Percy Gardner; Prof. Hayter Lewis; Mr. E. Maunde Thompson; Mr. William Fowler; Mr. J. S. Cotton; J. Hilton, Esq., F.S.A.; the Rev. R. M. Blakiston; Mr. Theodore Bent, Mr. D. Parrish, &c., &c. The following were unable to be present, and letters expressing their regret were read by the Secretary:—Vice-President Prof. G. Maspero, who had been invited to take the chair, but who was engaged in the delivery of a lecture at the Collège de France; Major-General Sir F. J. Goldsmid, C.B.; the Dean of Windsor; Canon Liddon; Hermann Weber, Esq., M.D.; and E. Gilbertson, Esq. (Treasurer of the Fund).

The Proceedings were opened by the Chairman, who announced that Prof. G. Maspero, member of the Institute of France and late Director-General of the Museums of Egypt, had been elected a Vice-President of the Fund, and that J. S. Cotton, Esq., Prof. Hayter Lewis, and Hellier Gosselin, Esq., had been elected Members of the Committee. A list of hon. local secretaries was also read, and a set of rules which had been prepared with a view to define the objects of the Fund and to regulate the conduct of business. The objects

of the Fund, according to the submitted rules, are:

"(1) To organise excavations in Egypt, with a view to further elucidation of the History and Arts of Ancient Egypt and to the illustration of the Old Testament narrative in so far as it has to do with Egypt and the Egyptians; also to explore sites connected with early Greek history, or with the antiquities of the Coptic Church, in their connexion with Egypt. (2) To publish, periodically, descriptions of the sites explored and excavated, and of the antiquities brought to light. (3) To ensure the preservation of such antiquities by presenting them to Museums and similar public institutions."

This programme, and the rules by which it is followed, were put to the vote and passed without discussion.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards (hon. secretary) then announced the completion of the "Fowler Fund," founded in 1883 by Mr. William Fowler, who offered a challenge of £50, provided that nineteen other donors could be found to give the same sum. The nineteenth donor, Mrs. James Hopgood, having sent a cheque for £50, Mr. Fowler had now paid in the final donation, completing £1,000. Miss Edwards also stated that an American lady, Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, of New York, the munificent founder of the recent American Babylonian expedition, had generously sent a donation of £200 for the general purposes of the Fund.

The Treasurer's financial report for the year 1885-6 was then read by Mr. Gosselin. In this report Mr. Gilbertson (hon. treasurer) stated that, thanks to the great exertions of the Hon. Secretaries for Great Britain and America, the position and resources of the Fund had not been affected by the general financial depression. The receipts for 1885-86 were £2,160 5s. 2d.; which total did not include Miss Catherine L. Wolfe's donation of £200, that sum having been received after the accounts were closed for the year. As compared with the preceding year, 1884-85, the year 1885-86 shows favourable financial results, the cash balance of the Fund on July 31, 1885, exclusive of the Student Fund, being £1,611 18s. 9d.; whereas, at the same date in 1886, it was £1,880 16s. 6d. Meanwhile, the available balance up to November 12 (the date at which this report was drawn up), is stated to be £1,933 8s. 2d. As regards outlay, the total expenditure for 1885-86, including excavations, publications, Student Fund, &c., stands at £1,786 11s. 2d. The total sum received from the United States, during the past three years, amounts to £1,419 14s. 4d.

Mr. Ernest Gardner next gave a brief account of the results of his second season's work at Naukratis. Work had been carried on upon this site from the beginning of December to the end of March. In the ancient town itself two more of the five temples mentioned by ancient authors were discovered—those dedicated to Hera and to Aphrodite; as the Hellenion and the temple of Apollo were found last year, only one still remains to be identified. This season the remains of the temple of the Dioscuri were discovered in the temenos identified previously by means of inscriptions. But the most important site was the temenos of Aphrodite, where were found not only three temples of various dates built one above another, but also a very great quantity of statuettes and of fragments of painted pottery. These objects, many of which were inscribed by the dedicators, date almost entirely from the sixth century B.C., and supply important information as to the early Greek art and handicraft. The cemetery of the ancient town has also in part been excavated, and the contents of a large number of graves recovered, chiefly vases, mirrors and terracotta ornaments from wooden coffins. Many

thousands of vase fragments, &c., have been brought to England by Mr. Gardner, from among which he has been able to reconstruct several fine painted vases, either wholly or in part. Some specimens of these, and an interesting statuette, were on the table, and were explained to the audience by Mr. Gardner, who said that he hoped by this time next year to be able to prepare his memoir on the second year at Naukratis.

Mr. J. S. Cotton, who took this opportunity to inform the meeting that Prof. Maspero had just been elected an Hon. Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, read portions of a report on recent excavations at Gemayemi and Kantara by Mr. F. Ll. Griffith, who was unable to be present, being then on his way to Egypt. At Gemayemi, a site some three miles distant from Nebesheh, Mr. Griffith excavated a small enclosure which had originally contained a sanctuary, but which had subsequently been converted into a centre of art industry, containing the workshops of glass-makers, bronze-workers, sculptors, and the like. The place seemed to have been abandoned in time of panic, all the tools and more portable objects having been carried off, and only the heavier or more breakable ones left behind. Among these last were a large basalt bowl, a huge pottery bin, and a number of plaster casts such as were used for models by the sculptors of ancient Egypt. The casts had been buried, in order to preserve them uninjured, and with them were found a quantity of little figures of gods; panels inlaid with glass mosaics; hooks, nails, rods, hinges and capitals of bronze—all the fittings, in short, for the adornment of a portable shrine of most exquisite workmanship. The remains found in the glass-workers' factory were of extreme interest. In the foundations of one room were discovered not only the very moulds in which had been formed the bars and hieroglyphs of coloured glass with which the before-mentioned panels were decorated, but numbers of pieces of waste blue glass, and some remarkable bars of mosaic for sectional slicing, some of the sections being ready nicked with a diamond point. The mosaic represented a tiny vulture on a star or flower. There can be no doubt that this was the site of a native factory; and similar moulds were found by Mr. Griffith at Nebesheh and Kantara. At this latter place, Mr. Griffith excavated the remains of a small temple, or chapel, dedicated to the deity of the frontier district, Horus of Mezen, where two beautiful sandstone monuments, erected by Seti I. and Rameses II., are all that now remain of a frontier-fort there erected by the first Pharaohs of the XIXth Dynasty. Mr. Griffith describes these monuments as two inscribed pedestals, each surmounted by a hawk, the emblem of the god. Deserted and destroyed after the Rameside period, and superseded by Defenneh under the kings of the XXVIth Dynasty, Kantara seems to have been for several centuries blotted from the map of Egypt. At length, late in Ptolemaic times, the place again became not only a fort, but a settlement; and, under the Roman domination, a great camp was here dedicated by Diocletian and Maximian to their putron gods, Jupiter, Herakles, and Victory. On this spot, Mr. Griffith found an important inscription of Marcus Aurelius, new in the British Museum.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards (Hon. Secretary) read Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie's report, which touched first upon the beginning of the season's work at Naukratis, and then passed on to the operations at Nebesheh, now identified in nine inscriptions as the ancient Egyptian city of "Am," capital of the XIXth nome of Lower Egypt, thus fixing the position of both the city and the nome. The excavation of "Am" led to the discovery of the sites of two temples,

the earlier dating apparently from the time of Rameses II., the latter founded by Aahmes II., of the XXVIth Dynasty, as proved by the ceremonial deposits found by Mr. Petrie under the corners of the temple site. These deposits consisted of plaques of different kinds of stones and metals inscribed with the royal ovals of Aahmes II., and of a considerable number of pottery models of vases. Among the larger objects found at Nebesheh were the inscribed thrones of a pair of seated statues of Usertesen III.; part of a statue of the goddess Uati, to whom the principal temple was dedicated; a seated colossal statue of Rameses II.; fragments of the fellow statue; a remarkable column bearing a kneeling figure of Merenptah and a hawk; a black granite sphinx, and fragments of the fellow sphinx, &c., &c. The cemetery also yielded some large sarcophagi inscribed with the names and titles of officials of the city of "Am," several interesting coffins and *ushabti* of the XXth Dynasty, and a series of spear-heads belonging to some Cypriote mercenaries, who seem to have here occupied a camp. At Tell Ferain, Mr. Petrie found the remains of a great city, extending about a mile in length, with mounds over thirty feet in height, and a massive temenos, such as is found at Tanis or Bubastis. It had clearly been a city of the first rank, and is identified by Mr. Petrie with the famous city of Buto, the name of which yet survives in that of the Arab village, Abtu, at the foot of the mounds. The last two months of Mr. Petrie's season were spent at Tell-Defenneh, 17 miles east of Nebesheh, in the middle of the desert between the Delta and the Suez Canal. Here he excavated the burnt ruins of a large brick building of the XXVIth Dynasty, locally known as "The Palace of the Jew's Daughter"; a name which at once recalled the flight of the Jewish refugees with the king's daughters to Tahpanhes. Everything confirmed this connexion. The palace, or *Kasr*, proved to be the central fort of the great camp of the Karian and Ionian mercenaries, founded by Psammetikhos I.; and the pavement before the entry of "Pharaoh's house," mentioned by Jeremiah, seems to be identical with a large pavement opposite the doorway of the fort. Many objects were found in the palace. Two chambers in particular yielded a great quantity of fragments of painted Greek vases. These appear to have been partly made at Defenneh and partly imported; and they are dated by the discovery of numerous sealings of wine-jars bearing the king's names being mixed with them. Foundation deposits of various metals and stones, all inscribed with the name of Psammetikhos I., and the bones of an ox sacrificed in the ceremonies, along with a large corn-grinder and other objects, were found under the corners of the palace fort. The enclosure wall of the camp was also traced, and much of the area cleared upon the surface, so leading to the discovery of many objects of interest, such as arrow-heads, arms, tools, a silver bowl, a gold handle of a tray, and about 2,000 weights, mostly very small, such as would have been used by jewellers. An unusual quantity of scraps of gold jewellery were also found here, thus showing the place to have been the centre of a great trade.

Miss Edwards next read her own report on the work of the past and coming seasons. Briefly reviewing the ground gone over in the foregoing statements, Miss Edwards said that meeting each season at the waning time of year, her hearers were like a party of travellers who linger awhile on the top of a mountain pass to survey the twofold landscape. On the one side they look back upon the plains and valleys they are leaving behind; on the other, they look forward "to fresh woods and pastures new." At Naukratis, Gemayemi, Nebesheh,

and Defenneh, they had seen Mr. Ernest Gardner, Mr. Griffith, and Mr. Petrie at work. Such was the retrospect—equally rich in associations and in results. Turning in the opposite direction, the course of the sweet-water canal from Cairo to the Wady Tumilat, the fertile pastures between Zagazig and Tell-el-Kebir, and the caravan route from Kantara to Farama, lay mapped out before them. Their guide through these scenes would be M. Naville, under whose leadership they had visited Pithom in 1883, and Goshen in 1885. The coming expedition would be undertaken with the same object as the expeditions of 1883 and 1885—namely, the solution of that most difficult and important problem of ancient history—the determination of the route of the Exodus. She should ill represent, Miss Edwards said, the modest and temperate spirit in which M. Naville was prepared to continue these explorations, were she to indulge in promises and prophecies; but as he had already discovered the first halting-place of the great "mixed multitude," so, without being unduly sanguine, she thought it might be reasonably hoped that the identification of another stage upon the line of that famous march might reward M. Naville's labours. Mr. Griffith, who has now had two years' experience of Egypt, and whose translations of various difficult Egyptian inscriptions have won "golden opinions" from M. Naville and Mr. Le Page Renouf, would accompany M. Naville; another Englishman, Mr. Cowan, being also attached to the expedition. Miss Edwards concluded by announcing that the MSS. and drawings for Mr. Petrie's Memoir on Nebesheh and Defenneh (with chapters by Mr. Griffith), as also the MS. and drawings for M. Naville's Memoir on Goshen, were in the hands of the committee, and would be published as soon as time and means should permit.

The Chairman moved a vote of thanks to Miss Edwards at the close of her address. Donations of antiquities, the results of the foregoing excavations, were next proposed; the donation to the British Museum being moved in an interesting speech by Mr. W. Fowler, and seconded by Prof. Hayter Lewis. The donation to the British Museum was responded to by Mr. Le Page Renouf for the Oriental Department, and by Mr. A. S. Murray for the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Mr. Bond, the Principal Librarian, also said a few words expressing his high sense of the importance of the work which was being done by the Egypt Exploration Fund, and of the great value of the donations which it annually presented to the national collection. Owing to the lack of funds for the purchase of Egyptian antiquities, Mr. Bond said that, but for the Egypt Exploration Fund, the British Museum would be "practically at a standstill." The donation of antiquities to the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, U.S.A., was moved in genial terms by Mr. R. S. Poole, who dwelt especially upon the generosity and trustfulness of the American subscribers, and stated that the donation now offered to Boston was little, if at all, inferior to that which had just been voted to the British Museum. The proposal was seconded by Mr. H. Bayliss, Q.C., and the donation was accepted for America by Miss Edwards, who laughingly protested against being called upon to perform this duty, as there was an American gentleman in the room. Donations were at the same time voted to the museums of Bath, Brighton, Bristol, Bolton, Birmingham, Cambridge, Charterhouse School, College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, Harrow School, Liverpool, Montreal (Canada), Oxford, Rochester (U.S.A.), Sheffield, Sydney (N.S.W.), St. Albans, &c., &c.

Various votes of thanks were next moved:—A vote of thanks to Mr. Fowler for having

founded the special fund bearing his name being moved, in an interesting speech, by General Sir Charles Wilson, K.C.B., and seconded by Mr. J. S. Cotton. The Chairman moved a vote of thanks to Mr. R. S. Poole, on his retirement from the office of Hon. Secretary of the Fund, and proposed that Mr. Poole be elected a Vice-President, which was seconded by Miss Edwards, carried by acclamation, and responded to by Mr. Poole. A vote of thanks to Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, for his great and valuable services, was next proposed by the Chairman and seconded by Mr. R. S. Poole, in terms of the highest appreciation; Miss Edwards having previously announced with much regret that those services were, at all events for the present, no longer at the disposal of the Committee. The proceedings then closed with a vote of thanks to the Board of Directors of the Royal Institution, proposed by the Chairman, and seconded by Mr. Maunde Thompson; and with a vote of thanks to the Chairman, proposed by Prof. Hayter Lewis, and seconded by Mr. R. S. Poole.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE understand that Dr. Charles Waldstein, curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, has been offered the post of first permanent director of the American School at Athens, to take office as soon as the endowment shall have been sufficiently subscribed to secure his salary. Towards this endowment the university of the city of New York has promised 1,000 dollars, and the Pennsylvania University has given the proceeds of its recent performance in New York of "The Acharnians" of Aristophanes in the original Greek. The building of the American School at Athens is now rising by the side of the English School; and it is hoped that, to some extent, the library may be shared between the two.

WE will not profess to speak in detail in advance of the two most important exhibitions of the winter which are about to open. But with regard to the Burlington House Exhibition it may be well to prepare the reader for a smaller and less important display of Old Masters than he has been wont to examine. The truth is it is getting to be more and more difficult to obtain for these annual shows an array of pictures at all comparable to what we have known in the early days. And this year especially, if report be true, we are likely to see upon the walls many works of a calibre such as would not in the palmy times have obtained for them an invitation to Burlington House. But it is supposed that the Turner drawings, which Mr. W. G. Rawlinson, we are glad to learn, is assisting Mr. Horsley to arrange, will make amends for the deficiencies of the elder masters. At the Grosvenor Gallery the Vandyke Exhibition is likely—at least, as regards the paintings, which are the principal works of the master—to be very complete; though we do not know whether any of the rare and slight drawings by Vandyke will be exhibited, and it may be possibly too late for the directors to adopt the suggestion of including the score or so of etchings which are recognised as authentic.

THE Society of Medallists, in continuance of its programme for the present year, intends to offer prizes for models in plaster of medals in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee. The competition will be open to all artists and students. The Society proposes to issue casts in bronze of the successful competitors. The Hon. C. W. Fremantle, deputy master of the Mint, is president of the society; and the honorary secretaries are Mr. R. S. Poole and Mr. H. A. Grueber of the British Museum.

ONE of the leading features of *The Art Journal* for 1887 will be a French view of

England. M. Villars, the author of *L'Angleterre Pittoresque*, and M. Myrbach, the illustrator of *Tartarin sur les Alpes*, are busy recording their impressions—the one with the pen, the other with the pencil—of various places on the Kentish Coast, and of London, York, Liverpool, and other cities in England and Wales. Scottish scenery will also be illustrated, but by a Scotchman—Mr. MacWhirter—who has been working for two summers in the "Land of Scott."

THE *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift* for December 11 contains a review of Prof. Middleton's *Rome in 1885*. "Der Verfasser greift zu den ersten besten Hilfsmitteln, ohne sich über ihren Wert genügend klar zu sein, und gewinnt immer erst sich wieder, wo er auf architektonische Details zu sprechen kommt."

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

IN the matter of pantomime, Augustus Harris will have it all his own way. The fact is, except as regards the more distant suburbs, he has beaten his rivals out of the field; and in a week or two we shall have to chronicle with brevity a triumph won by concentration of "the talents," by the combination of the newest low comedian with Miss Constance Gilchrist, of the finest scenery in London with the tallest ballet-girl. But there will be one other ingenious Christmas entertainment, though it will not be in direct rivalry with Augustus Harris. We mean the entertainment at the Prince of Wales's, due to Mr. Savile Clarke, who gave us "An Adamless Eden," and who now offers his adaptation of the curiously popular *Alice in Wonderland*.

DO we really owe an apology, we wonder, to Miss Angela Fenton of the Strand Theatre, in that matter of the fan? Certainly the long single feather fan—quite different from the many feathered fan in which in our own day Sarah Bernhardt framed her face during the only quiet moments in "Fédora"—is not distinctively of the eighteenth century, is not conspicuously of the time of the "School for Scandal," belongs, rather, to a full century earlier, to the day of Lely and Vandyke. But we remembered, after writing our objection to it, that it does figure in at least one great portrait by Gainsborough, of the exact moment. It is in the "Mrs. Grahame" at Edinburgh. Still this is not proof positive that it may belong to the time. For, though Gainsborough as a rule was true to the costume of his period—recognised its grace and "paintableness," as Sir Joshua hardly ever did—he was after all a painter, using from time to time a painter's license. And was it license here, or was it strict accuracy? We raise the question.

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CELEBRATION OF WEBER'S CENTENARY.

ON December 18, 1786, was born, at Eutin, a sickly child, destined in after years to become famous as the composer of "Der Freischütz." Weber suffered many hardships in his youth, and the wandering kind of life which he was forced to lead could not but have an injurious effect on the development of his genius. His early association, however, with theatres gave him knowledge of the stage, and this he turned to good account. The composition of "Der Freischütz" may indeed be considered the one great event of his life. In 1810 Weber got hold of Apell's *Geister Geschichten*; and one of the stories, "Der Freischütz," so fascinated him that he formed the idea of writing a libretto, and setting it to

music. It was not, however, until seven years later that the book was written by Kind; and it was handed over to Weber on March 1, 1817. He at once commenced to work at it; but his duties at the Dresden Opera house, and special compositions which he was commissioned to write, besides family worries, delayed the completion of his task. It was not finished until the year 1820, and not produced until June 18 of the following year. It is the work by which Weber is best known, and the one by which he will be longest remembered. A performance of this opera would, therefore, have formed the most suitable celebration of the composer's hundredth birthday.

Last Saturday, at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Manns was forced to rely chiefly on the master's works written for the concert room. The programme commenced with Weber's second symphony in C major. Two symphonies, in the key of C, were written for the band of the Duke of Wurtemberg in the month of January, 1807. It is not surprising that works penned in hot haste by a young man should prove rather weak. No. 2 may indeed suffice, by way of curiosity, on an occasion like that of Saturday; but that it has little attractive power may be gathered from the fact that it has only been given once previously (in 1875) at the Palace. No. 1 had never been heard there at all.

Among Weber's instrumental compositions of a more interesting character are the two Clarinet Concertos (Op. 73 and 74), and the Concertino (Op. 26), written expressly for the famous player, Heinrich Bärmann, to whom, indeed, they were all dedicated. Weber's chief object in writing these works was to provide his friend with opportunities of showing his skill. The music of the Concerto (Op. 74), admirably interpreted by Mr. G. A. Clinton at the Crystal Palace, besides being difficult and brilliant, is graceful and pleasing. The middle movement, "Romanze," is perhaps the most interesting of the three.

The programme contained, besides, two pianoforte pieces which have become celebrated all the world over. The first was "L'Infatigable," Weber's own title to the last movement of the Sonata in C, better known under the name of "Il Moto Perpetuo." This was neatly played by Miss Margaret Gyde, but she showed signs of fatigue before the close. The other piece was the Concertstück for pianoforte and orchestra in F minor. This brilliant work, completed on the very morning of the production of "Der Freischütz," well deserves its popularity. The composer, too, has added to its interest by leaving us a key to its meaning. This he gave to his wife and to the late Sir J. Benedict when he played it over to them on that eventful morning. Herr B. Stavenhagen, the young pianist who so distinguished himself last season as an exponent of Liszt's music, gave a weak, affected, and imperfect interpretation of it. Mrs. Hutchinson sang a concert aria, and the "Song of Nurmahal"—Weber's last composition—with great taste. The Crystal Palace choir, under the direction of Mr. A. J. Eyre, gave three gipsy choruses from "Preciosa," while the tenors and basses sang, though in exceedingly tame fashion, the two patriotic songs, "Lutzw's Wild Hunt," and "Bright Sword of Liberty," and also the "Huntsmen's Chorus." The programme included the finale of the first act of "Euryanthe," and the two overtures "Freischütz" and "Oberon."

Mr. Manns, therefore, not only gave a programme of great variety, but arranged the pieces in chronological order, so that one could trace the master's growth from 1807 down to 1826, the year of his death.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

MR. E. DANNREUTHER gave the fourth and last of his musical evenings at Orme Square on Thursday evening, December 16. A new piano-forte quartett by R. Strauss—a name suggestive of light music—was performed; but it proved a laboured composition, testifying to the composer's skill rather than to his imagination. The slow movement pleased us most, the finale least. Mr. Dannreuther played Bach's Suite Anglaise in A; Miss Lena Little sang songs by Brahms and Wagner; and the programme concluded with Mozart's Piano-forte Quartett in G minor—a marked contrast to the work mentioned above.

MR. OSCAR BERRINGER gave a pupils' concert at his Academy in Hinde Street on December 16. In all the performances there were signs of good teaching, but—as is so frequently the case—nervousness spoilt many good intentions. Miss Stevenson was successful in two of Liszt's concert studies, and Raff's "Chaconne" for two pianos had fair justice done to it by Misses King and Webb. The concert concluded with two of Dvorak's "Neue Slavische Tänze" effectively rendered by Miss Amy Stewart and the principal, Mr. O. Berringer.

A STUDENTS' concert was given at the Beethoven Rooms on Friday evening, December 17, in connexion with the Academy of Music for Ladies conducted by Mrs. Trickett, sister of the late Mdme. Saindon Dolby. The first part of the programme was miscellaneous; and the only matter calling for special notice was the clever singing of Miss Mary Willis, one of the staff of teachers. In the second part Herr Reinecke's cantata for female voices, entitled "Cinderella," was given, with the story effectively recited by Mrs. Rossi Moreton. The music is tuneful, but by no means easy to sing. The ladies had evidently been well trained by Mr. H. F. Frost, who wielded the *bâton* with care and energy. Miss Janet Tatham, one of the solo vocalists, has a promising contralto voice.

THE HECKMANN Quartett concluded their series of historical concerts last Saturday afternoon at the Steinway Hall. On Tuesday, December 14, they played an interesting quartett by Goldmark—a work that certainly deserves more than one hearing. Also a quartett by Svendsen, less ambitious, but containing good writing, in which it is impossible to mistake the composer's northern nationality. The programme included Dr. Parry's Trio in E minor, with Miss Amy Hare at the piano. The *soirée* of modern composers, on December 15, unfortunately took place the same night as Mr. Henschel's concert, so that we cannot notice it. At the last concert the programme was devoted to Beethoven, and included the great Quartetts in E flat (Op. 127) and A minor (Op. 132). Mdme. Haas took part with much success in the piano and violin Sonata in G (Op. 96). The hall was crowded, and money refused at the doors. The audiences during the whole of the second week were, indeed, larger than those of the first. The careful and intelligent renderings of the works of various composers by Herren Heckmann, Forberg, Allekotte, and Bellmann, have been duly appreciated.

THE last Popular Concert of the year did not attract a very large audience; but Christmas week is one in which the public has other matters to engage its attention. The programme commenced with Schumann's Quartett in A minor, admirably interpreted under the leadership of Mdme. Norman Néruda. Mrs. Henschel sang in her best manner Liszt's pleasing setting of "Die Loreley," and Mr. Henschel added greatly to the effect by his skilful and delicate piano-forte accompaniment. They were twice recalled. Mr. Max Pauer was the pianist, and played Schubert's Clavierstück

in E flat minor with his usual neatness. In tone and general expression he has certainly improved since last season. He also gave a spirited rendering of Chopin's A flat Polonaise; but a more moderate pace would have proved of advantage both to player and listener. At the close he was recalled several times to the platform, but firmly refused the encore. He has thus set a good example. It needs some courage to resist the pressing entreaties of an enthusiastic audience. The second part of the

programme included solos by Signor Piatti and Beethoven's Serenade Trio (Op. 8).

MR. HENSCHEL gave his sixth concert on Wednesday afternoon last. The first part of the programme was devoted to Weber, and included the humorous "Turandot" Overture, and two movements from the Bassoon Concerto, played by Mr. W. Wotton. Beethoven's C minor Symphony in the second part was carefully interpreted. The concerts will be resumed on January 12.

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